

# HEADPRESS

# 5

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"I DON'T MARCH TO THE SAME DRUMMER YOU DO"

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# EDITORIAL



Desensitized. Isn't that what we get when we over-indulge in the *bad stuff*? Isn't that the result of too much violence on TV, too many horror comics, too many stalk and slash movies, too much pornography, too much of *this here*? Listen to our peers: the more of it we see the greater our tolerance toward it becomes until pretty soon we're hardened, soulless, void of emotion, our only vocation the re-enactment of our favourite villainess.

Personally, there's nothing I like to do more than whip out the ol' chainsaw, laugh maniacally, and carve a crimson path through the local old folks home. After, of course, I've had a chance to catch up on my pre-cert video collection and flick once again through the posters in MONSTER MAG.

Desensitized? Sure thing. Two days ago (on my way to a late night showing of THE EXORCIST parts I, II & III at the Multiplex), I came across a figure lying at the foot of the college steps just off the main road. There was no one else about and the guy, lying on his side, head down on the pavement, clutching his left arm and absolutely still, was staring vacantly right back at me. I go over and shake him. Nothing. He looks about seventy and has pissed himself. I check for sign of a pulse thinking 'he's dead' (EVIL DEAD, DAY OF THE DEAD, DEAD OF NIGHT, DEAD CALM...), but then his eyes move. I ask him his name and get what sounds like 'hurt' out of him. This guy needs an ambulance. The moment he stops mumbling he kind of 'turns off', putting his head down and becoming vacant again. So I go into the road and wave down some car and get the driver to go call an ambulance. Meanwhile the old guy behind me slowly, slowly starts to come round. He sits up, slobbers and asks for a cigarette. I think what an absolute cunt I'm going to look when the ambulance turns up and I'm stood here with a drunk. But then - after I swallow the need to do A CLOCKWORK ORANGE and kick the bum about a little - the old guy nods out again, like he keeps doing every few moments, and he looks *bad*. Really. Then the ambulance men turn up and say to the old boy 'C'mon Bill, let's be getting you home'.

One weekend some years ago, in a carnivorous warehouse empty but for a handful of people, the recently discovered body of a dead teenager lay, having fallen through a skylight. He had been there for a couple of hours before being reported as missing by his friends, on concrete in a cold warehouse, dead. I look down. He looks like he's asleep, about to wake up. I keep thinking to myself, 'Shouldn't I feel something, some great sadness? Am I desensitized? What should I feel?' Then the roller doors are brought down to prevent the growing mass outside from seeing what all the commotion is about. The doors close. The sunlight is shut out. Whenever anyone speaks now, it is in the lowered courteous tones of respect. Surely I ought to feel bad now?

Lying in bed that night I spend long hours looking out into the blackness. There it is, the scene: the warehouse, the body. I can't shake it. I look at the digital display on my alarm clock for a full half hour before deciding to get up and dressed. It is 4:26 in the morning. I have a knot at the top of my stomach as if someone is constantly nudging me awake. The image of the dead boy is the knot. Then I realize it isn't so much the scene nudging me awake, but *specific details*. Like the length of time the boy lay there undiscovered, growing cold; the dirt on his hands and knees; one hand behind his back, the other by his side... And it is the *singularities* that seem so suddenly, so very sad; the fact that these respective details don't - or shouldn't - add up to him being dead. I am remembering too, how everyone inside the warehouse had to keep active, keep moving, keep asking questions, anything so not to stop and think of the dead boy. One ambulance man who obviously was thinking was sitting there head in hands.

Now the great sea of sadness washes over me, unable to sleep, in the darkness, alone. Huge pictures in my head. 'Shouldn't I feel something?' You bet. And it isn't desensitized.

David Kerekes

Prior to the publication of HEADPRESS #4, your editors had occasion to speak to Martin Flitcroft, then Publicity Director for Savoy. Naturally, Martin was showing an interest in the pending magazine and its "Savoy Wars" cover story, but conversation traversed a much eclectic path that warm April evening. Soon, further engagements anyone might have had were dashed in the wake of an alarming number of empty Pils bottles.

Martin had brought with him a seemingly inexhaustible supply of 'artifacts' - books, magazines, papers - all of which he was only too happy to give away. Among these were several copies of the now defunct THE FRED magazine; LEGACY OF DEATH, a history of the Sanson's - French executioners; a second copy of Savoy's high impossible to find novel, LORD HORROR, and a parchment inscribed 'WSF'.

On the only other instance that HEADPRESS had the fortune to meet Martin, he displayed the self-same generosity, courtesy, and enthusiasm for most everything. Shortly after that Pils-laden night in April, a phonecall to Martin's home was acknowledged with the news that Martin had died the previous night. This issue is dedicated to him, RIP. (The Editors)

We reprint here, in its entirety, a press release issued by Savoy, dated June 1992:

"Savoy Publicity Director Martin Flitcroft died after being hit by a train in his home town of Bromley Cross, Bolton, Manchester, on May 3rd 1992.

"According to the train's driver, Martin walked onto the line and purposefully turned his back on the train. He thrust his arms by his sides, balled his fists, threw up his head, and waited for the impact.

"While Savoy hold no brook with perpetuating the myth of heroic suicide, and have no intention of eulogising this one, we have to admit that the action Martin took constituted a statement.

"Martin was a Savoy man, and a Northern Soul man. These two realms were his chosen realities. He belonged to a small posse of really hardcore aberrant Northern Soul people who describe themselves as 'The Wagnerian Soul Fraternity' (WSF). Their extremist manifesto dictates that, in all things, they must go one step beyond peak experience. They must achieve "the full head tingle", or, as they also put it, "jump the ether". Undoubtedly, in part at least, this was what Martin did on the night of May 3rd - he received the full head tingle.

"Like someone on their way to going super nova, Martin himself hit Savoy in 1988. He was drawn to us by our recordings of '80s rock performer P J Proby. His musical knowledge was considerable, and each record we released after his arrival bore the stamp of his personality. They had to be bigger, wilder, more Wagnerian without ever, of course, losing sight of rock's basic ability

to thrill.

"His first contribution was to convince us of the merit in financing the production of a song written by a friend of his, another member of the WSF, Jake Tassle; Jake's composition eventually became the third Savoy Lord Horror disc, 'Jessie Matthews sings Reverbstorm'.

"Martin's enthusiasm for initiating the 'Reverbstorm' project ultimately inspired the whole 'Reverbstorm' multi-media package from Savoy, consisting of the record and the Lord Horror 8-part comic miniseries, 'Reverbstorm' - the title taken from WSF mythology. The song will be appearing belatedly this autumn on CD format. If it had not been for our run-ins with the police and Garfield the Cat/United Features, which caused the cancellation of all Savoy product last year, 'Reverbstorm' would have been released in time for Martin to hear it.

"As Publicity Director of Savoy, Martin made two major inroads into the market place. The first was the distribution of Savoy's banned comics into the London comic outlets (many of whom, until his arrival, had refused to stock us). Getting the comics into the shops became his Big Fight, and he managed to persuade some of these shops of the need to carry the Lord Horror and Meng & Ecker titles, significantly increasing our tiny circulation.

"His second achievement was to preside over the organisation of a Savoy presence at recent comics conventions, especially the (for us) highly successful 1991 UKCAC stand - our first. Meeting us in person catalysed more stockists into action, and many of them informed us that they would now be stocking Savoy. Without Martin we would not have been able to effect this crucial transformation of our image.

"Martin injected his special brand of Wagnerian Soul anarchy at exactly the right moment in the creation of the Lord Horror character. He was able, magically, to bring order out of the chaos. But the unique charisma he used to accomplish this was double-edged. Some of the people he encountered during his brief commission with Savoy found this out to their cost.

"His enthusiastic obstinacy would admit no obstacle. He demanded that everything should go to the limit of its possibility - music, books, comics. He could not understand why people should settle for less. But eventually, ever dissatisfied with his own very earthbound human failings, he turned the destructive edge on himself.

"Martin's act was brave, appalling, potty, sad and surreal - in equal parts. But we wish he would have told us of his intention first: we would have liked to have been given the opportunity of persuading him to leave his best ether jump for last, instead of part-way through. He died aged 28."



TOO TOO TIRED OF THE TRITE AND TESTY DOOMSDAY DILEMMA OF LATE 20th CENTURY CONSUMER GARBAGE-KULTURE, THE WAGNERIAN SOUL FRATERNITY SEEKS TO PIERCE THE WOODEN HEART THAT LIES BENEATH THE ROTTING HAMBURGER-FLESH CHARACTER-ARMOUR OF SICK EUROPA WITH THE CLEAVING WHITE LIGHT AND THE FLASH AND THE DASH OF PURE INTENSITY. WE HATE THESE FUCKING AMERIKANS AND THEIR FUCKING POP MUSIC ,WE HATE TELEVISION, WE DON'T HAVE SEX, WE HAVE MAD PASSIONATE AFFAIRS TO AN AURAL BACKDROP OF RADIO THREE COMING OUT AT FIFTY THOUSAND WATTS, WE SHOOT, SHIT AND PISS ON ANDY WARHOL, RUPERT MURDOCH, ACID HOUSE , M. CORBACHOV , M. THATCHER , EMERDALE FARM, CALL US 'FASCISTS' AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL CALL US 'NIGGERS'. ALL HAIL DRAMATIC FITNESS! LUST FOR LIFE! EAST WINDS BLOW SSSSSSSSCHHHHHWWWWWWW! WEST WINDS BLOW SSSSHHSCCHHHHHHHHHWWOOOOOOO! THUNDER STORMS! LIGHTNING STORMS! BASTILLE STORMS! REVERB STORMS! NORTHERN SOUL! TONY MIDDLETON! PROPER DANCING! MUSIC WITH NOTES, SWOOPING ORCHESTRA, AFTER ALL, PROTOCOLS PROMOTE INTENSITY. TO SENSITIZE PROMOTE PROTOCOL. PUT CHARLES ON THE THRONE AND FUCK THE GROCERS DAUGHTER. END UGLY ARCHITECT, UGLY FUNK MUSIC . BURN ALL RECORDS WITH LESS THAN SIXTEEN CHORDS IN. ALL HAIL THE ALMIGHTY PROPHET OF TROUSER-POUT P.J. PROBY. CELEBRATE PRESLEY'S PELVIS-OTOMY, POISON ALL ACID DEALERS, TEACH YOUR WALKYRIE A WIENER WALTZ, DON'T FUCK ON FIRST DATES, BOAST ABOUT THE AMOUNT OF DRUGS YOU'VE NEVER TAKEN. CULTIVATE AND CULTURE-BAIT ONE'S FINER FEELINGS THEN IGNITE THEM LIKE THE FUNNY FIREWORKS THEY ARE. THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH AS THE WORLD GUSHES GLOWS AND FLUSHES LIKE A TAWNY, HORNY HONEY OF AN IRISH MILKMAID IN THE ROSY-GLOWED THROES OF A HAY-BARN HYMEN-OTOMY. REFUSE TO SLEEPWALK. BETTER TO DIE OF EXCITEMENT THAN DIE FROM BOREDOM, COCA-COLA=CANCER, COCA-COLA=CANCER, COCA-COLA=CANCER, LONG LIVE R. VAUGHN WILLIAMS (DECEASED), BRING BACK GOD. BRING BACK SUNDAYS BUT DON'T BRING LULU. HOYOTO HOYOTO HOYOTO, CELEBRATE SCHIZOPHRENIA. UNDER U.S. CULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL OCCUPATION THE TRUEST ANARCHIST TOTEM IS A KNIATHOOD, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, ALL HAIL THE WAGNERIAN SOUL FRATERNITY.

# SIFTING THROUGH EXTREMES IN MUSIC

Richard Hector-Jones



*Propaganda - Marking Out the Territory*

As in any artistic medium one has to throw a vast net to land anything of interest in music at present.

This isn't a problem per sé.

However, a problem (if it can be seen as such) is found in the fact that that which is understood to be 'extreme' - avant-garde - is now guarded by over-intellectuals who stifle its very ingenuity by always looking for it in the same place.

Why always look 'west' for a challenge?

Jazz music is the perfect example, a genre now justifiably reviled because of years of misuse through self-importance. Go to a jazz concert and most of the time you'll find the scene comprises of an audience of stilted, dull 'muses' nodding and smirking in front of a stilted, dull producing 'muse'.

If the accepted channels of the Extreme (wallow in the irony for a moment) are clogged up with sycophants and charlatans, then the sacred left-field is a let-down for two reasons. One, that it is now a symptom of its partisan nature and, two, that it is stifled by its own perceived self-importance.

In such times the hunt for ingenuity must turn in the direction of Popular Culture.

## *Evidence*

It is worthless here to mention artists who don't make the grade, because one cannot fill a space with a void and attempting to do so would only deny propaganda to other artists.

John Zorn would seem perhaps the best crossover point between jazz snobbery and popular music. Though he has undoubtedly made some outstanding records (from imaginary film scores to Ornette Coleman covers at breakneck speed), his approach does still hint of an avant-garde traditionalist jazz musician attempting to 'dirty up' his art to fit into hardcore punk culture, a genre which loses its way (not unlike '80s garage psychedelia) when approached intellectually over emotionally.

Having said this, Painkiller (one of Zorn's bands) released an album called GUTS OF A VIRGIN which featured both Bill Laswell (of Last Exit 'fame) and Mick Harris from Napalm Death. It is a must - a chaotic méele of tortured extremes. The original cover art to this lp was seized at customs and features what looks like autopsy photography of a pregnant corpse. Though the British copies never showed this - they instead featured an explanatory note on the absence of said original artwork - a few Japanese copies have filtered through bearing the original sleeve in all its dubious glory.



Incidentally, Mick Harris' more recent band, Scorn, have released a 12" single called LICK FOREVER DOG which can be seen crudely as a meeting between the Swans and Augustus Pablo. Their lp VAE SOLIS, however, didn't receive

the same dub treatment and remains flat and uninteresting.

John Zorn's earlier more pop orientated album, the self titled **NAKED CITY**, is also worth seeking out, and is characterized by its effortless ability to change from Trad Jazz to Heavy Metal to Blues to Country 'n' Western, etc, etc, etc, all in the space of only a few seconds.



Both Zorn and Harris find their 'hardcore home' in Nottingham's Earache Records, and a couple of other acts on the label are also worth exploring. Cathedral is the band formed by Lee Dorrian (ex of Napalm Death) and can be seen as a direct response to his speedcore past. Cathedral are slow, *really* slow, as heavy as early Swans (before they came to sound like a gothic Lindisfarne), with a leaning towards the phenomenally influential Black Sabbath. Fudge Tunnel on the other hand use both Big Black and Black Sabbath as a springboard to create their own sound which is so damn heavy and low that sphincters shed their booty on contact. For this reason their lp **HATE SONGS IN E MINOR** is indispensable.

Moving away from such Rock extremes lies the dancefloor where at least 98 percent of the music produced is so banal that the genre might be thought unworthy of coverage. However, whatever its state now, House music was once genuinely intriguing - the domain of Chicago's gay set. One way to avoid the current mess is to seek out a compilation called **EMOTIONS ELECTRIC - RETROTECHNO/DETROIT DEFINITIVE**. To clarify the terms, these records came from a time when 'Techno' drew its meaning from the more European sound of Kraftwerk and perhaps even Can, reaction being to the contrived nature of what was seen as Soul music. This is House music

conceived before the seeming obsession it has now with road drills, crap children's TV show samples and washing machine mentalities. Further, this 80 minute compilation is a fine example of the power of minimalism (wipe the Philip Glass connotations) and will certainly not 'chill you out'. Who the hell wants to chill out anyway?

When faced with such discreet intensity as this, it is a crime to see the recognition gained by such dance outfits as The Orb - a band who, unfortunately, *understood* and were oh so understood by their hippy bastard parents. The lesson to be learned is to keep your children away from the evil weed cannabis lest they 'chill out' to the extent that they can pen an aural crime such as **LITTLE FLUFFY CLOUDS** or **THE BLUE ROOM**.

Though such artists are perceived as pop experimentalists (no doubt by people whose idea of 'experimental' is to take out the bass drum for four bars of a song), Negativland wear the crown in this vast and empty field. Their most recent release on SST records is titled **GUNS**, a funny but obvious musical cut-up exploration of the link between sex and weapons. However, this release is, in comparison to all their earlier releases, disappointingly bland. Find **ESCAPE FROM NOISE** to prove the point. Recently, Negativland and their label have become caught in a legal war with U2 and Island records over the group's irreverent 'version' of **I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR** which came out for a while as an import 12" single and is now sadly withdrawn.

Seek it out - there may still be some around somewhere.



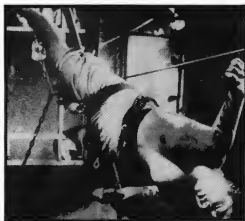
Guts of a Virgin - original sleeve

A recently received fax message from Greg Ginn (formally of Black Flag, now head of SST records) reveals that Negativland have now fled the label to avoid incurring the \$90,000 legal suit that Island has filed towards them. Though Negativland are undoubtedly a challenging proposition, one cannot help but lose respect for their apparent 'cold feet' tactics. Greg Ginn has further sent a letter to U2 personally encouraging them to either pressure their management to relent or to do a benefit concert to cover their own awarded damages! Graveyard humour perhaps?

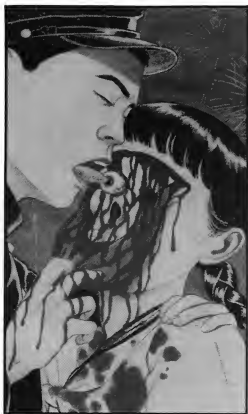
Changing tack again, the most innovatively extreme lp of last year is almost too well known as a pop record to contemplate. Nevertheless, **LOVELESS** by My Bloody Valentine remains to me this pop generation's **TROUT MASK REPLICA** (another historical necessity).

On first listen, **LOVELESS** sounds as if it was recorded in mud on an expensive tape recorder with faltering batteries. Forget the sugary vocals (not hard as they are deeply submerged in the overall mix), and the rest becomes a soundtrack of honed and shaped white noise where 'new' songs within the tracks reveal themselves on each listen. As a yardstick, the lp is nigh on impossible to hum.

Considering that **LOVELESS** was Creation records BIG Christmas release for 1991, it is no surprise that with its subsequent financial failure, the band departed from the label and as of yet still remain unsigned to a record company in the UK.



Pathological must be one of Britain's finest labels of extremes. In their formative 2-3 years, they have released material by Coil, Terminal Cheesecake, Lydia Lunch, Oxbow (their lp **FUCKFEST** is a necessity) and God, amongst others. Incidentally, God is a band formed by the label owner, Kevin Martin, and they've recently been signed to Virgin's jazz label, Venture. Quite how this occurred



remains an aesthetic mystery, so snap up **POSSESSION** before the deletion monster claims it as his own.

Pathological's most recent release is a compilation called **MORTAR** which features the excellent NYC industrialists, Cop Shoot Cop (seek out their recently reissued debut **CONSUMER REVOLT**, an lp of malicious urban intent against the acceptance of party politics, consumerism - the band's sarcastic spleen being what makes them worthy of mention here), Fall Of Because (pre-Godflesh Godflesh) and the intense Casper Brotzmann Massaker.

Casper is son of Peter Brotzmann, the noise jazz honker behind so many extreme/free/improvised releases. Massaker have recently released an lp through Rough Trade (so your lazy record shop can get it for you) - their third or fourth - called **DER ABEND DER SCHWARZEN FOLKLORE**. It reveals Brotzmann to be perhaps one of the most dynamic and menacing guitarists in the field at present. Though a relatively obscure artist, this release can be obtained with the right pressure. So do so.

That's it for now.

# A

## TYPICAL

### HYPNOTIC INDUCTION

# conversation with andy bullock

David Kerekes

Andy Bullock makes short films. At the 1991 Festival of Fantastic Films he proved to be one of the more vocal supporters of HEADPRESS (he actually spoke to us). When asked why we hadn't acknowledged receipt of his video sampler, we told him "Dunno. We never received it."

Several weeks after that 1991 Festival, a package marked "Attempt #2" arrived in the mail. Inside was a video smattering of Andy Bullock's more recent work, consisting of:

**VIRAL DISTRIBUTION.** a string of video distributor logos altered in various technical ways.

**RANDOM STABBING AND PRODDING WITH SCALPELS AND POWER TOOLS.** a dummy's head is shaved and held under a bench drill for 'surgery'. Next, after the head has been totally annihilated by the drill bit (in slow motion), the dummy undergoes various other 'adjustments'.

**(PIXILLATED) AND THE SEVEN DWARVES,** a copyright nightmare! Disney's Snow White succumbs to technical transformations, being decapitated with freeze-frame, amalgamated with Tobe Hooper's TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, and fed bizarre subtitles which bleed off the screen.

**FUN FAIR II,** an abstracted piece of fun fair machinery. Three rotating heads incorporating kitchen knives are set into motion, blades spinning wildly and clashing with one another.

All films were made in 1991. No one film lasted for more than 5 minutes, yet each



managed to instill a certain dread, a feeling of confusion or impending catastrophe.

Further communication with Bullock resulted in the receipt of a second package, containing earlier works:

**MEAT MATES** (1991), cheap mechanical toys covered with chicken flesh, walking, barking, jumping around a pastel landscape.



**DISNEY ADVERT** (1991), footage of some Disney theme park coupled with a horror movie ad campaign.

**DOG FOOD** (1988), a bona fide dog food ad, doctored and interspersed with 'subliminals'.

**FUN FAIR** (1989), a camera and microphone strapped onto a rotating arm, and the sound and visuals this produces.



**LARYNX TEST BROADCAST** (1990), simulation of a medical instructional film in which the narrator is affected by (technical) speech defects.

**A TYPICAL HYPNOTIC INDUCTION** (1988/89), harsh, grating and gradually changing sound loops set to segments of **KNOT'S LANDING** and supermarket promo reels, flickering by at a phenomenal rate.



Thus we were convinced. We could think of no one else making such highly uncommercial and in the case of the Disney analogy, let's face it, *dangerous* and unmarketable films as Andy Bullock.

We discovered that, in addition to filmmaking, Bullock has also worked for some years in an audio capacity putting out - under the name "E" - cassettes of sampler and computer dominated sound loops. The compilation, **SINAL ANUS** (1988/91), Bullock likens to early Severed Heads. His **CARTOPSY** (1991) and **YERM FLOWERS** (1992) consist of variations thereof, except that **CARTOPSY** is a lot more fun. More recently he has completed **INSTANT WHIP STEWARDESS SAUSAGE ACCESSORY**.

The following conversation with Andy Bullock took place in the early months of 1992.

**HEADPRESS:** In your film **MEAT MATES**, you have little battery operated toys somersaulting up and down. Are they expensive?

**ANDY BULLOCK:** I'm not sure. I was given them by a friend. I guess not though judging by the design and packaging. These are the kind of toys that **WATCHDOG** advise you not to buy because when your kids rip the head off, there's a 8 inch nail waiting to stab them in the eyes or something.

You've stitched real chicken flesh onto them, though, haven't you?

Yes. And the smaller one - Little *Spaniel* it says on the box - has the chicken neck... y'know...that weird triangular mass of tissue, sewn on its ass so that Little *Spaniel's* tail squashes it around. The skin's sewn on with surgical black thread. I made

them about a week before filming, so they sat around in the fridge a while.

Why chicken flesh and kiddies toys?

They tell me I'm taking the toy dog and toy monkey back to their real dog and real monkey origins-

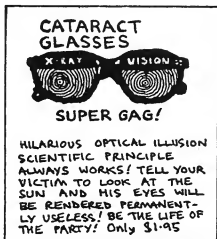
Who says that, your neighbours?

Yeah. That I'm stripping away the surface gloss of our hyper-consumer society and leaving the stuff that 'matters', in a similar manner to the effects of consuming large amounts ergot-ridden mouldy rye bread.

What soundtrack is playing on **MEAT MATES**, naggingly familiar as it is?

Ha! It's from the very start of **LET ME DIE A WOMAN** where the alarm goes off and that woman pretends to have just woken up and starts saying things like "This is my life and I am happy." I chose it for its obnoxious cheesiness and relentless ...um... irritating repetition.

I like that beginning, too. Another favourite of mine is from one of those She-Male transsexual porno tapes, where a beautiful "woman" spends a good few minutes lounging cat-like and pouting madly, only to open her mouth and have this ridiculous gravel drawl come out.



I like the opening narration on **SHOCKING ASIA** with its classic line "The enchantment of strange beauty and adventures into more puzzles and the unexplained", and the following bit where the narrator inexplicably changes over to this other guy who sounds like he's trying to speak and remove food stuck between his teeth at the same time: "Unbelievable facts and (gnrglk)

incomprehensible emotions" ...whatever they are.

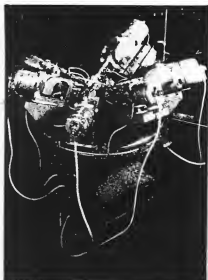
Also, I really like the droning chanting and the seagull noises that opens **NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS**; that gargoyle-like effigy is good too...particularly as my tape rolls a couple of times on this bit. The ritual sequence that opens **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD** is another good one: "Put aside your worldly things" comes across as "Put aside your whirly things." I enjoy such instances of crude and corny 'evil'... On another level I like the start of **SHIVERS** because it's a good simulation of creepy, diseased 70's sales-brochure ethics. I like the 'Civic TV' advert at the beginning of **VIDEODROME**, too.

Can't say I know any She-Males though.

*You don't have any true narrative as such i.e. your works, do you?*

Well, I'm certainly not anti-narrative. I wouldn't want to be stuck with an 'experimental filmmaker' tag in not utilizing a narrative, because that's a dead-end. I would say I'm working my way up to it. Yeah.

**RANDOM STABBING AND PRODDING WITH SCALPELS AND POWER-TOOLS** is pretty scary. How did the idea arise to make a film about shaving a head and then drilling into it?



The sound helps a lot with the 'scarieness', don't you think? I was interested in the fact that one could take an area like autopsy films, 'copy' it, make a few changes - these could be fairly arbitrary - and the result would be perceived as a 'glorification of violence'. At about the same time, I got into the idea of taking my copy of **A COLOUR ATLAS**



OF VENERELOGY, whitening-out the text, putting it under plain cover, maybe adding a few short stories, and trying to persuade the guy at the sex-shop to stock it - and charge vast amounts of money for it - as a kind of private and elite perversion book.

I'm interested in the way labelling an idea determines how it is perceived and digested, it's social function. There's not a clear-cut line separating such areas as medical violence, gore-film violence, Tom and Jerry violence...nor, alternatively, venereal sore, erogenous zone...

*That's an interesting point. I think there is possibly very little to differentiate between 'forms' outside of packaging. But say the sore is on your own genitalia? What if you are the 'erogenous zone' or 'package'?*

Um...I think even the most beautiful human flesh is weird; that is, if it's really looked at - all spongy and fibrous, etc. Disease is seen as ugly for primarily useful reasons, ie survival, but advertisers and drug companies exploit disease. Venereal sores have a beauty of their own - it's pointless for me to have such a sore and see myself as 'unclean' if another view can be adopted which is more helpful to me and my sanity, self-image, whatever.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not advocating the deliberate spreading of sexually-transmitted diseases! In college, I once made the mistake of stating in a piece of work that "if I accidentally cut myself, it is in my interest to try and invoke a feeling of



pleasure rather than pain, for the simple reason that the cut will seem a lot more bearable if I succeed." Of course, it was misinterpreted as, "Oh yeah, weren't you going to gash your arm open and enjoy it?"

*Are you still at college, then?*

No, I'm not still at college. I finished a B.A. in Fine Art last July. I don't want to make much of it because I'm not in the least bit proud...apart from OK facilities, I would have been better off having some shitty day-job and working on films and music in my spare time.

*RANDOM STABBING...*, though, was there a conscious decision to have no reason to it? Just drilling a head?

I think there is a reason to it: to present a violent spectacle which is undeniably beautiful and fascinating. I'm not at all interested in making films with a 'message' like such-and-such is wrong or good or bad, but I don't want to make eye-candy either. I see *RANDOM STABBING...* as 'eye and stomach candy', which I think is enough.

*Was it a thrill to drill a head...*

Yeah! But it would probably have been a thrill to drill a watermelon! The best thing was that the head took about two weeks to make - casting and carving a plaster skull, applying latex skin and mortician's wax to painstaking layers of jelly and condoms filled with soup and ketchup - so, there was this build-up to this one action of drilling which lasted about 10 seconds. Coupled with this was the fact that I didn't know exactly how it was going to turn out and wasn't really expecting the whole face to get caught round the drill bit when it penetrated. All these added bonuses! Like the drill actually boring through the floor with bits of face still flapping around...

*You have a couple of FUN FAIR film shorts. Do you know someone who runs a fun fair?*

I'd love to lie and say that I grew up helping around on my Dad's fun fair, that my sister was the Lizard Girl, or something. No, I just find fun fair machinery incredibly awesome and powerful, both in terms of sound and visual impact...brain-shearing circular rhythms partially obscured under greasy recordings of BLUEBERRY HILL. I like NON - particularly BLOOD AND FLAME - and Mark Pauline's performances for the same reason. And fun fairs are a good example of peoples' need to scare themselves.

*You've certainly got the brain-shearing circular rhythm sorted in the first FUN FAIR, but that strange customized knife spinning*

mechanism in *FUN FAIR II* looks like an eclectic piece of work.

When I was bolting the last kitchen knife on the motor thing for that, I turned round and sort of misjudged how far away the blades were from me, stabbing myself down the side of the head, a majestic jet of blood arcing out.

*That's what you get for not listening to WATCHDOG.*

Somebody told me it was the price to pay for making such a dangerous project.

*Tell me about (PIXILLATED) AND THE SEVEN DWARVES.*

It's edited down from about 40 minutes of experiments degrading, altering, 'censoring' SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARVES.

*Where do those interesting subtitles amalgamating SNOW WHITE... and TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE come from?*

The idea behind that originated from my inability to understand the - mainly - Dutch subtitles on some of the films I'd been



watching, and the subsequent strange ideas and images which resulted from my half-serious attempts at deciphering them. So I wrote all this pseudo-Dutch stuff in a kind of Rorschach test response while watching SNOW WHITE. Some of the subtitling also functions as a focus of viewer attention - they describe changes onscreen and are 'interpretations' of what is happening or about to happen.

I thought that SNOW WHITE... deserved mixing with TEXAS CHAINSAW.

But the subtitles remain partially obscured.

Yeah...ah... technically speaking, I edited (PIXILLATED) AND THE SEVEN DWARVES on equipment with 'overscan' monitors, not realising that most domestic TVs cut off the edge of the picture. It's arguably better anyway because it broadens the vagueness and suggestiveness of the subtitles even more, forcing the viewer to think up more complex meanings.

Your portrayal of Snow White is very sexual. Is that intentional?

Very much so. I think that SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARVES is riddled with perverse sexual undertones, all I've done is outline some of them. It's interesting that it's almost impossible to cut up Snow White with other stuff without this cutting-up seeming like an act of 'defloweration'.

Do you think that Snow White has an adverse effect on the countless millions of kids who adore her? I shouldn't wonder if there are countless millions of grown-ups who get off on her.

Have you seen the comic GANG BANG! by Wally Wood?

Yeah. I did have a copy.

Porno restagings of SNOW WHITE... and other 'innocent' stuff? What's great is that Wood has emulated that Disney style so well. I wonder if this is what goes on in 'grown-up' minds to enable them to get off on it?



It's what went on in Wally's mind.

I wouldn't like to say whether SNOW WHITE... has an adverse effect on kids, though. But the film's 'ivory tower' mentality does worry me - that sterile and idyllic territory into which the viewer is encouraged to retreat.

What other movies do you think are 'bad' for you?

Well, I quite like MONDO WEIRDO, if that's what you mean. I also like a lot of the Jodorowsky stuff I've seen. And I'm interested in some D'Amato and Franco stuff...among other sleazeballs.

I eventually caught up with D'Amato's EMMANUELLE IN AMERICA recently.

The one where she gets mixed-up with the snuff movie thing...

Yeah. I'd always thought of the concept as strange, kind of a 'What If?' thing. What if Emmanuelle got mixed-up in snuff movies.

I think it proves the adage about taking the most standard, unexceptional ingredients and forming them into a work of surreal proportions.

It's pretty surreal alright. It doesn't make any sense.

I like D'Amato's impulsiveness. I think EMMANUELLE IN AMERICA is about five films spliced together. I like its uneven-ness and the consequent ease with which one can make very tangential and bizarre readings. I'm not interested in looking for a filmmaker's 'intention' in his work, I like the confusion which would result if you were to try and work out an intention behind EMMANUELLE IN AMERICA.

I can't imagine a typical audience for it, though.

It's puzzling, especially when one takes everything in the film at face-value: not very much sex; the weird snuff element... I



enjoy Laura Gemser's complacency. Her 'innocence' juxtaposed with the simulated snuff footage gives her an uneasy and ambiguous sexual presence. I presume D'Amato doesn't ever think in such terms...and his work's all the more interesting because of it.

*You mentioned 'sound' being scary.*

Sound is very important. I'd sometimes say it was my main concern.

*You played me some brief thing earlier. Was that from your SINAL ANUS cassette?*

No, that was EATSHIT NOISE MUSIC - a compilation of Jap noise stuff like Hanattrash and Boredoms... I've kind of withdrawn SINAL ANUS. I want to cut out some stuff that I'm not too happy with and remaster the rest. I'm working on another tape, YERMAGE AND GLEATINGS\* - 'yerm' being smegma, and 'gleatings' being the remains of anal intercourse sucked through a straw, as you may know.

...?...

Anyway, this new stuff is much better. I kinda go off noise and experimental music when it starts rambling interminably. Actually, while I'm on the subject of sphincter-slackening music, I recently had the 'pleasure' of editing some of my films down onto a tape containing one-hour's worth of Kate Bush videos. It seems that this tape I ...um... purloined had belonged to some K.B. nut. I have since become convinced of a conspiracy to subject me to aforementioned whining: not only had I to put up with the intermittent emissions of K.B. during editing, but following this was the incident of the girl in the room above me playing WUTHERING HEIGHTS repeatedly, late at night and at high volume. Of course, if I were to question her about it she'd brush it off saying she had been feeling emotional after an argument with her boyfriend...Oh, the best thing about MASTER OF THE FLYING GUILLOTINE is its lifting of tracks from NEU 2.

*Your DOG FOOD short has a NON soundtrack, doesn't it?*

Well, yeah, the version you saw did. I later changed this to a recording of Evil Knieval talking about "blacking out and hemorrhaging at about 53 G's" etc, which becomes gradually more cut-up in a similar churning manner to the speech treatment on LARYNX TEST BROADCAST.

*Come to think of it, that second video package of yours, containing both DOG FOOD and LARYNX TEST..., is a lot less compromising than the first.*

I guess I was less willing to compromise on the viewer's feelings. You should bear in mind that these 'viewers' were partly made up of college tutors who I felt deserved exposure to harsher currents than those they were accustomed to. I was 'lashing out' in the sense that I was deliberately not excluding certain factors which I knew others would not be comfortable with.

*MEAT MATES is included on the recent SEX.MURDER.ART sampler, isn't it?*

I sent a tape with MEAT MATES, RANDOM STABBING... and a few others to Jörg Buttgeriet, and I think MEAT MATES cracked him up. He also wanted to use (PIXILLATED) AND THE SEVEN DWARVES but couldn't because of the horrendous copyright problems that would come with that.


*So, who else is seeing this stuff?*

Some shitty gallery in London showed a couple of the films on a monitor stuffed in the corner a couple of years back. Early pieces got shown at the Sheffield Media Show, some at the 1990 International Film & Video Festival in Leicester, where they got a fairly angry and bored reaction...

*Maybe you should make something in B&W?*

Or gather a bunch of Argento fans in the park and prepare some squibs... This kind of thing - you know, fanboyism - worries me more than people doing absolutely nothing; it's so submissive to things that really aren't that special in the first place...

\* YERM AND GLEATINGS has since been released as YERM FLOWERS. This, and other Andy Bullock/E audio work, is available on cassette from Cheeses International Distribution, 515a Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH1 4AG.



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# RANT #3

'HELL ON EARTH'  
COULD BE CLOSER  
THAN WE THINK;  
HADES IS THE  
NEIGHBOUR'S NEW  
LOUNGE EXTENSION...  
AND ANYWAY, SCUM,

**ANSWER ME THIS: HAVE YOU NOW, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A 'TRANSGRESSIVE'? CAN THE 'NEWS OF THE WORLD' EXPOSE BE SO FAR OFF?**

Howard Lake

...And, of course, a man with a pierced penis can bring about the end of civilisation as we know it, right?

I once saw Hell On Earth, saw it etched across the face of our neighbour the time his new lounge extension blew down in the '88 hurricane. Sheer devastation on the guy's features; months of hard labour mocked by nature, all that schtick. Hell On Earth, no doubt about it...hopes and dreams, ambition and fulfilment blown away in a night. His sweat in every brick and tile. Hell On Earth; a personal hell constructed where the patio used to be.

Hell isn't any constant; what is hell to us is paradise gained to another. Real hell is 240v. through your gonads or white noise 'till your brain splinters. Hell IS NOT shopping mall or theme park. But we can work on it.

And we are. Doing good thus far, the judges are still out, but present estimates say we could have hell in Britain, at least, by 2050. We have the right conditions now: a psychotically smug and self-satisfied population progressively retiring from the tiresome process of thought; a directionless apathetic drifting towards odd right-wing ideas of social structure. Ohhh, HEAVY STUFF, huh? Yeah, well, we all have our moments, right? But, good god, Hell On Earth some kind of grotesque celebration of non-thought...Jeezusss! ...And, over in the good ol' US of A, the implications of the non-thinking, Pod person consensus has finally seen the birth of its thrillseeking li'l kid brother...which will not teach anyone anything about the dubious pleasures of social puree, where all the lumps and unsightly pock marks get creamed, smoothed out. Hey, a good thinking tyrant lets 'em go crazy once in a while, but not all the time...

I heard about it; all this rugsucking

over some PTV scratch 'n' sniff 'n' sodomy video. Pisser for the liberals it had to be C4 who slung the shit, eh? Next you know, Brighton vice has been round looking for something spicy to make the Xmas bash go with a swing and a couple of wiseass journoes are mumbly in the dark corners, something about a new 'underground'; words get whispered over tofu in SW1: '...weird sex...sado-masochism...morbid lusts...serial killers...network...mmm...TRANSGRESSIVE, yeh...sounds good...TRANSGRESSIVE...'

Well, heck, I'm nothing if not quick off the mark. I seized unsuspecting infants off the street and subjected them to agonizing body adornment sessions; talked loudly in bars of how misunderstood a guy C. Manson was; bombarded the EVENING STANDARD with tales of enema orgies and...NOTHING. Not a damn thing. And just when things seemed to be going so well. Maybe there's some kind of CONSPIRACY going down...well, you heard about Fairman (where do they get these names?), didn't you? A sure sign the Clampdown's coming, if you ask me...repression of free thought and choice, innit? And, you know? It is...couldn't have to do with these 'Transgressives' (copyright, TIME OUT) could it?

Somehow I doubt it. After all, are a few sleazebags with a yen for kinky shit posing a threat to the Way Things Are? Hardly, if it were fans of SURPRISE SURPRISE it might, but there's no threat in a few pseudo-reptilian thrill kids doing their thing, is there? Well, no threat that can't be easily dealt with if needs be...I'll bet those bastards got SOMETHING which constitutes kiddie porn SOMEWHERE. For the rest, leave 'em to it, with their 'Death, Divinity, Desire' thang; let 'em 'explore extremes of human behaviour', if that's what turns them on...None of it applies to the world beyond the front door.

# HELL

And of course, none of it actually MEANS anything, right? I mean, here you are, now part of a new fabbo 'cult', whether you want it or not, and you're spreading the word, that's what you're trying to do, isn't it? Spreading THE WORD. Gospel According To The Apocalypse Now Generation: Chapter I, verse I: "...And, bored with restraint and the UK turning into a land of brain-atrophied ignorance, They did heavily get into all manner of weird shit. They looketh upon Ed Gein and his works, saying unto themselves, 'Groovy!' They even sought enlightenment unto Peter Kurten, gazing upon his deeds and declaring themselves impressed greatly. Unto bondage they turned, and thence to body piercing. Even unto necrophilia did they gaze with eager eye and held in great esteem were motion pictures depicting the inhumanity and chaos they witnessed about them..."

And, of course, none of it actually MEANS ANYTHING. Screeds and screeds of warped journalism REFLECTING THE BIZARRE TIMES IN WHICH WE LIVE. And I like it, me. I do, because there's something to be extracted from how far we allow ourselves to go; something useful in challenging notions of taste; something pretty fucking vital to be gleaned from a greater awareness of how far we, as a species, can push ourselves, how far we will go for the sake of [I'm gonna say it!] ART.

S'easy, only when you're acquainted with our species' extreme behaviour can you put the average behaviour into context. If you believe the zenith of achievement is a lounge extension, wouldn't it intrigue you to encounter the likes of Fakir Musafar or Chris Burden? Maybe not, which is because of the lack of information in circulation, and information is power, is everything, and the sole power rests in control of information - which every damn one of you knows already so why am I repeating it? Calm down: more speed. And, RIGHT, what we're saying is that maybe we oughta get SERIOUS sometime...y'know, make a date and WONDER why we need to feed on so much ugliness and immorality; why we need our regular fix of perversity or vicarious thrill. Who knows? Media blandness perhaps, the sap-sap effect of BRUCE'S BIG NIGHT OUT? A media which is God (an uppercase 'G', unlike the other god), but never delivers on its promises, always holding something back 'for the common good'. C'mon, we been sucking on the media tit since our cribs and, let's face it, we're addicted 100%. Yet our dealer refuses to palm us the good stuff...and why

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should he? He's doing okay with the rest, who'll quite happily grovel like dogs for thirty seconds on YOU'VE BEEN FRAMED. Dog People are more comfy with the media than your typical HEADPRESS reader; Dog People and the media have an UNDERSTANDING: smile, speak when you're spoken to and don't upstage the host...that's what makes the world go round.



And the mainstream media hovers around like a vulture pondering whether or not to pick at this carrion marked 'the transgressive'. Mmm, LOOKS tasty, could be a few choice morsels among the skin and bones: necrophilia, S/M, pierced nipples & drugs (sorry, should read KILLER drugs). Yeh, could be a column inch or two in here: "Got the 'Daily Star' on the line; where can they get a pic of a blonde with nipple rings?".

Underground meets mainstream and it's the four page spread in 'THE FACE', something on p.24 of the NOW!, a spot on the arts page of the liberal broadsheets, fifteen on THE LATE SHOW, and that's yer lot. Thank god and get back on with the business of paying court costs and wondering why the publishing houses cooled so fast on your book. Somewhere along the line, someone's going to be asked what it all means, so let's get our story straight, OK? IT MEANS NOTHING. Okay? It means nothing, man, we're just low down mean 'n' sleazy guys 'n' gals, cool hip gunslingers on a speedfreak joyride to hell on earth and we ain't NEVER lookin' back! - I've been studying Krug in LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT as a possible rôle model...what about you? Get ready, some dweeb'll mutter some half-assed idea of SUBVERSION for sure. Oh yeh, make me laff, why don't you? Subversion is hardly the

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## HELL

thing, is it? Discreetly fucking up and changing preconceived notions of society might do it, but...well, we don't want to get HEAVY too much, right?

Damn right. After all, who the hell wants to accept responsibility for the next millennium? Do you? Me neither - fuck the future; it was a con anyhow. Awaydays on Mars? Yeh, SURE. The future was sold off somewhere in the last twenty years, dunno where, most likely bought out by GM or ICI, mortgaged because there weren't enough ideas to pay for the present, let alone the future. And why do the ROBOCOP movies seem so weirdly prescient right now? We have seen the future and it has 'a Sony product' plastered all over it. So that takes care of the future, the next fifty years or so, as hell, a world of contented mindlessness, wanders somnambulant towards us and we shuffle toward it, so glad and happy that personal credit terms make life so much EASIER, y'know? Ah yes, such cotton-wool comfort to come...a classless society of mortgage brokers living in one global suburb where nothing is permitted to ruffle the calm surface of the millpond. Sounds good to me; we'll be able to watch FACES OF DEATH any time we want; have the 120 DAYS OF SODOM on audio-book; read HEADPRESS Vol. 24/8, the special 'mutilation techniques' issue. Taste buds, an inevitable progression, because society always negates the taboo by absorbing it, creating a space in its heart where these little irritants can be better taken care of. The media does its part, give a little y'know? Six-part series, 11.45 on C4...ah, suddenly seems we're in the right business, after all! You can bet I'M gonna sell out if I get the chance...but then, the best way to screw the system is from WITHIN, isn't it? Actually, I'm not too bothered: I've been a whore for half a decade so far, I can handle it some more.

As long as I don't have to say what any of it MEANS. As long as it's not me who says: We have sought to explain the late Twentieth Century psyche via its most impressive and outlandish behaviour; through this we are now trying to apply our findings to humanity as a whole, rather than isolated characters. As long as it's not me who starts getting all heavy and pretentious, starts making like some piss-ant sex-store philosopher. I mean, I couldn't even START to explain a statement like the above; just WHY is it important we understand the cosy intimacy of oil and automobile conglomerates and our governments?

Why is that important? Is this nation sweet-smelling? Do you risk ILLNESS walking through summer London in summer? Ah, an ACTIVIST, right? No, wrong. Politics is the dirtiest, sickest & evil game there is; Brady and Hindley might interest us, their motives and deeds might stir our sense of moral bewilderment, but the action of politics, a self-perpetuating beast without compare, far outweighs their crimes. Politics is a virus; like AIDS it weakens the body and soul, but politics is far more easily communicable and, unlike AIDS, employs the best PR men in town. The UK just underwent an election and nobody noticed; that's how well-set politics is, as mundane as detergent. A critical sign; when something becomes that everyday and uninteresting you KNOW it has gone past the point where argument will alter anything. In these times, mediocrity is success; smooth blandness an ideal. Ignatieff-type insignificance bemoan the selling of the future like so much detergent, but there seems little concern that the punters are BUYING. Is that what you want? 'Cause that's what's gonna happen! Ha-ha, chuckles Charlie Catchpole in the NDIW, Harry Enfield's little joke looks set to become the catchphrase of the summer...2000 years of civilisation and progress, eh? Didn't he do well!

No, it's not political - enter the reconstructed 90's hippie nouvelle: 'Hey, man! FUCKING is a political act, man!' And so it may well become...well, not so much actually screwing, but certainly depictions of it, or variations on the basic theme. In the US, neo-new puritans are marching; Catholic & Feminist, Fundamentalist & Hardassed Liberals...Bet that shocked the shit outa them no-good scuzzballs, finding the assault joined from both ends of the spectrum. Yep, Political Correctness...the nicer way to be a bigot. And it's coming here, bit by bit, the Puritanism That Dare Not Speak Its Name; intent upon - you guessed it - smoothing out the rough bits, breaking the crazy train of unsound thought running loose towards the new millennium. In their future, there will be no blacks, no cripples, no psychotics, no perverts, no gays...just a perfectly harmonious sludge; human soup simmering at the same temperature and tasting as weak as mongrel piss.

Ah, what the hell? I know nothing and it shames me not one bit to admit it. What do I care? As long as I can get a decent screw from prostituting my mind and I have sufficient blow and a VCR, good sex with a

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good woman, I'm happy enough. What have I to fret about Hell On Earth? Like I said, it *will* be here; give it, say, five decades, tops. I don't expect to be alive or young enough to care by then, so why should it concern me? Of course, the real chances came in the 60's, got that close and screwed up bigtime; we can try, I suppose, to reach towards some of those ideals, but who's going to take THAT seriously? Would you, you leather-clad hip young gunslinger you, take it seriously?

Yes, us transgressives are MEAN Muthas alright; psycho perverted thrill-kick-junkies of global suburbia; the creepy kid none of the others'll talk to in the schoolyard; the one with the dead spider collection and the sun-starved skin. Uh-huh, the ones your folks warned you about, certainly...we're coming FOR YOUR CHILDREN...all that jazz (great to freak out strangers by reading De Sade on the tube, isn't it?). Unholy, black-clad weirdos whose numbers are GROWING day by day...Fleet St. journo finds a copy of APOCALYPSE CULTURE in his daughter's room; is 'appalled'; the rest is history to come...and the fat bloated slug of our civilisation lurches onward nonetheless, blithely unaware and uncaring that there's a pile of salt up ahead - we threw it there ourselves; tossing it over our shoulder for luck when the 60's disintegrated at Altamont. All aboard for Stagnation Junction! Makes no difference whether or not we join the train; we'll be borne along in its wake anyhow.

OR...Embrace the psychosis (haven't we been here before?), let the madness engulf you and lead you on. Sure, it's probably way too late to save humanity, but at least we can save OURSELVES. Stay awake and aware. We're all manipulated, so at least be conscious of that fact; understand the media and how it works: to hell with computer literacy; media literacy is all that matters...without media literacy there's precious chance of ever LEARNING anything. Watch Beadle and get a preview of Hell On Earth, where human dignity and self-pride is crushed and compressed for a cheap snigger shared by millions and presented as ENTERTAINMENT. Be aware that, when the thrill of Granny losing her dentures wears off, it'll be to these things which fascinate us now that the media will turn. And if we think our interests have any worth at all above cheap thrills for jaded masturbators and would-be hip intellectuals then we ought to have some answer ready. The media

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civilisation cannot psychoanalyse itself, it lacks the capability. Someone, someday, needs to point out that our civilisation is inherently insane: The 'War On Drugs'; think calmly and rationally, offer a possible solution, then wonder impotently WHY no one can see what you see? A completely legal, thriving arms trade; a matter of CONCERN when orders fall...SANE? Oh, and so on and so on and so on; you don't need it in letters ten foot high. The old questions are still there, and still no one wants to answer the damn things; exercise their imagination towards something CONSTRUCTIVE. I sure as hell ain't; got better things to do - too busy watching some proscribed movie 'cause I KNOW that things censored and restricted have great power; things which remain taboo are, by definition, DANGEROUS to the prevailing order. Yeah, the revolution starts on my sofa, where I shall watch, with the knowing smug arrogance of a jumped-up minor deity, Hell On Earth developing before my very eyes.

OH NO! I HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO WEAR



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# A FATAL ATTRACTION

Douglas D. Clark

Before Great Britain opts to enter into the select club of nations which put citizens to death as just one more civil service function, it behoves you all to carefully consider ramifications beyond the emotional urge for vengeance and the outrage at the horror of crimes in your midst.



Within the latter half of this century, across the sea in the United States, the death penalty and murder rates have taken great strides. Locked in a dance of ever more frantic steps, the entwined legal and illegal

slaughter seems destined to pale the body-counts of all wars this nation ever fought.



With evolving data, however, there are disturbing conclusions one cannot easily ignore. The worst aspect involves the broadly ignored phenomena of suicide-homicide. As often the case this inverted self-destructive goal within perpetrator's unstable minds explodes outwardly, in a frightening kind of murder: serial killings.

England is not unfamiliar with serial murder. Possibly the most internationally notorious of all, Jack the Ripper, was not only undeterred by the threat of the gallows, but went unexposed into history's dusty tomes.

What is known now, after just a few decades of mass and serial murders in the U.S., is that a great many of the most prolific killers have been quite obviously not a bit deterred by the threat of death at the hands of police or subsequent judicial processes.

In fact, many of the most lethal seemed clearly to have sought self-destruction by their acts. There have even been cases where the killers emulated previously-executed killer's acts.



Carol Mary Bundy duplicated almost each detail of Theodore Bundy's string of murders in Washington state. The Hollywood area's Hillside Stranglers executed their many victims using every method of "legal execution": gas, injection, hanging, electrocution. Gary Gilmore actively sought the fame and notoriety of the death sentence. Gerald Gallego, the son of a man himself put to death by electrocution, committed a string of capital murders and ended up sentenced to death in both Nevada and California.

Yet more chilling, even death row guards are not "deterred" from capital murder by their



very duties of confining those already sentenced and due execution. In a most amazing case, a California guard regularly tried to engage men condemned for serial sex-murders of young women in conversation. Officer JW preferred to whisper these chats with a man who is said to have kidnapped, tortured and murdered several young girls in his van. When the officer was caught (wearing his uniform, nametag and badge) after abducting and raping a young woman at knife-point, there was little doubt that he had been taking her to the remote hills to commit capital murder when she escaped, naked, and ran for her life. He could not have more perfectly duplicated the horrific crimes committed by the prisoner he spent his days guarding if he had followed a script.

The facts are ever more conclusively proving there are many fatal attractions for these unbalanced persons who contemplate either their own destruction with the government as the instrument, or seek to emulate those who have gone before up the gallows steps. One need only look to the public's fascination with the entire topic of fiction or non-fiction murder, to realise this goes beyond mere passing curiosity. Consider Ted Bundy, who escaped from prison after asking a journalist which state would surely put him to death if caught there, then went to that state, committed inescapably capital crimes, and got himself caught and finally executed.



One cannot help but envision a moth and a flame. The girls who lost their lives were a tragic aside to the dance of death, individuals who just happened to live in the wrong place - Bundy passed through states which had no death penalty and committed no violent acts. Yet he killed in states which employ each kind of legal execution: gas, hanging, firing squad, electrocution and lethal injection. His was a death march which left an estimated one hundred or more murdered women and children in its wake. Any serial-homicide detective will admit these killings are the very most difficult to solve. The series will often reach double-digit victim counts before the slaughter ends. While "mass-murders", such as a man killing a score of people with an assault rifle in a suicidal act, are easily "solved"; that kind of crime is encouraged, not deterred, by death laws. Death is the object, not a dreaded consequence, as far as these killers are concerned.

## Thanks for having the guts to run Bundy's death pix!

Editors: Congratulations! I'm sure you took guff from some bleeding hearts because you ran the pictures of butcher Ted Bundy after his electrocution. But I want to tell you that my family and I and everyone else I know here in Atlanta



HERE'S Ted Bundy after his execution and autopsy.



thought it was wonderful to see that animal fried and laid out on a slab like that.

My husband and I have three young daughters of our own, and I cry every time I think of what the man did to all those beautiful young women.

We noticed that none of the daily newspapers had the guts to run these pictures, prob-

ly because they were afraid of offending people and hurting their precious circulation. But you had the backbone to do it, and I'll always be grateful to you for that.

That editor should be a collector's item. We bought up every one we could find in our neighborhood. The neighbors have been flocking to our house to see it, and they appreciate it as much as we do.

So again, congratulations for having the backbone to show us what that beast looked like when he finally got what he deserved. As somebody else said, he never looked better. — A.A., Atlanta, Ga.



NOTE: The author is currently awaiting appeal against execution in San Quentin prison. He has been on Death Row for over a decade.

Society may demand executions to ease their fear and feeling of helplessness spawned by these atrocities. But for a nation, which used to execute children for as little as petty theft, to rush back into the arena of governmental killings without first knowing there are fatal attractions for potential killers in such laws, would be folly. America has just begun to reap the rewards and assess the damages of these laws. The enormous legal costs alone are a topic for debate. But one must face the future steadfast, prepared to apologize to the families of victims killed because of these capital laws. For surely, as has occurred a hundredfold across the Atlantic, there will be victims who died solely because of the Fatal Attraction these laws will hold for a number of future killers in your midst.

# "IT'S FUN TO KILL PEOPLE!" THE SUNSET STRIP MURDERS

David Slater

In the summer of 1980 a series of brutal murders occurred in and around Hollywood. The common factor linking most of the victims was that they were prostitutes trading sex for dollars on Sunset Boulevard. The location of the pick-up point spurred media journalists to christen the evasive killer "The Sunset Slayer".

The first indication of the crimes came to police attention on Thursday, June 12th. The naked bodies of step-sisters, Gina Marano and Cynthia Chandler were discovered by a street-cleaner down an incline off the Ventura Freeway near the Disney Studios.



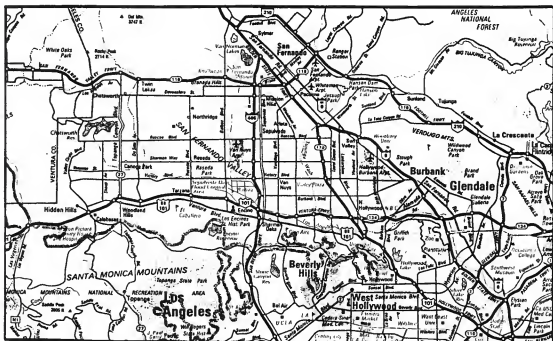
Tests on the bodies showed they had died the previous day. Sixteen-year-old Chandler had a gunshot wound in the back of the head and the

bullet was lodged in the brain. A second shot penetrated her lung and heart. External tissue damage indicated that the muzzle of the gun had been pressed tight against her bare chest when fired.



Marano, who was fifteen, had two shots through the head. One behind the left ear and exiting near her right eyebrow. The second to the back of the head and exiting at a point slightly lower than the former. The diameter of the holes were comparable to those found in Chandler indicating a weapon of similar calibre.

The following Saturday, 14th June, a woman calling herself firstly Betsy, then Claudia, telephoned the Van Nuys Police Department claiming to know the man



responsible for the Marano/Chandler homicide.

She gave his first name, his approximate age and she also stated that he was her lover. She refused to offer any further information that could lead to definite identification. The caller also furnished them with accurate details of the killings. The police had recorded the conversation and they marked the cassette "Either the killer or one who knows the killer".

Investigators now had two bullets retrieved from the body and head of Chandler. Ballistic experts identified the gun used from the land and groove markings on the slug. It was a .25 Raven Automatic. The police began to check records of recent purchases of such weapons.

Monday, June 23rd. At 3.05 am a Burbank police officer discovered the body of prostitute Karen Jones lying in the gutter. Unlike the previous two victims Jones was fully clothed. She had a single, small calibre bullet wound to her left temple. The position of the body indicated she had been shot then thrown from a moving vehicle. The bullet found inside her skull matched those taken from Cynthia Chandler.

Later that same morning, some miles away is Studio City, another body was found. Again it was a known prostitute later identified as Exxie Wilson. She was naked, lying in a pool of congealed blood in the empty parking lot of the Sizzler Restaurant.

This killing had a different M.O. The

girl's head had been severed and it was missing from the scene. Postmortem examination on the body revealed the fact that she had been decapitated while still alive.



In the late hours of the following Thursday a motorist found a wooden chest lying in the road obstructing access to his driveway. Inside, wrapped in a Tee-shirt and jeans, was the severed head of Exxie Wilson. At some

stage it had been scrubbed and washed with detergent. The head was also extremely cold as though it had been refrigerated. There was a single gunshot wound in the back of the skull. Examination of the bullet showed it had been fired from the same weapon used to kill Chandler and Jones.



On June 29th another body was found, partially covered with scrub, down a ravine in the surrounding hills near Foothill Boulevard. The remains had been dehydrated and mummified in the summer heat. There were three gunshot wounds to the chest, two entry only and one clear through, and the two bullets removed were once more linked to the same gun used in the other killings.

The girl was later identified as Marnette Comer, a seventeen-year-old runaway and prostitute last seen on May 31st.

The police traced the box that had contained Exxie Wilson's head to a store in the Reseda district and the shop manager gave an accurate description of the purchaser - a short, fat lady with very thick glasses and black gloves. In the files of gun purchase records of .25 Ravens was a solitary female. The record also contained her name, address, vehicle registration and social security number. The detectives ignored it despite the prior phone call from a woman indicating a connection with the crimes. Her name was Carol Bundy.

#### CAROL BUNDY AND JOHN ROBERT MURRAY

Carol Mary Bundy was an overweight, unhappy, suicidal nurse with two children and no husband. In early '79 she arrived at the Valerio Gardens apartments in Van Nuys

seeking lodgings. 44 year-old John Robert Murray, known as 'Jack', was the manager of the complex and lived on-site with his wife and two children.

Carol, recently separated from her homosexual husband, who she described as a "screaming faggot", brought with her her two sons and a healthy bank account containing her share of the money from the sale of her previous home. It wasn't long before Bundy got the hots for Murray and she frequently lured him up to her apartment on the pretext of blocked drains but with the intention of getting the man into bed. Soon the inevitable happened and from then on the couple were regularly interlocked.

At an early stage of their relationship Murray encouraged Bundy to have her appalling eyesight examined. Her vision was so poor she was subsequently declared legally blind and therefore eligible to monthly disability payments from Social Security.

Murray though was no charitable gentleman. Far from it. He was a liar and a cheat. He cheated his friends and cheated his wife. On one occasion he was caught by an associate pocketing wads of cash from a Telfon charity collection he had been involved with. No doubt Bundy's monthly payments found their way to Murray either as cash or gifts.

When he learned of Carol's sizable bank account the relationship became almost prostitute/punter and by the end of the year Murray had creamed off a cool \$18,000. He used half of this to pay off his Chevrolet van which the couple frequently used as a mobile sex-den.



Carol Bundy

Around Christmastime '79 Bundy, so infatuated and obsessed with Jack's sado-sexual performances, approached his wife and offered her \$1500 in exchange for her husband.



Furious, she insisted that Carol leave the complex and Jack agreed, but only to temper the situation. His wife cooked his meals, washed and ironed his clothes, he couldn't afford to lose that. Carol on the other hand was simply his subservient sex-partner and as they usually performed in his van, where she lived was insignificant. He arranged for Carol to find other lodgings and helped her move into an apartment on Lemona Avenue no more than three miles from Valerio Gardens.

In a letter to John Murray dated January 26th, 1980, Carol wrote,

*- I know who my master is, and I'll follow your lead. Why I want you to control me, I don't know. But it feels good when you take command...I don't know if it's just a game, but it is a good feeling...Will you give me a pet name?*

When Carol arrived at Lemona Avenue she immediately became acquainted with, and attracted to, a neighbour's eleven-year-old daughter named Shannon. The girl was plainly well developed both mentally and physically and the unlikely couple established communication by trading adult jokes.

Inevitably the relationship turned sexual and Bundy encouraged the child to cross the bridge from gentle petting and cuddling to paedophile lesbianism.

Despite their apparent 'split-up' John and Carol continued their relationship but in a less evident manner. Progressively, the sex turned increasingly deviant. The pair often tried to encourage other girls to indulge in three-way sex with them but all were put off by Bundy's unsavoury looks.

On July 29th Bundy attempted suicide. She sat in her Datsun and injected herself with insulin and librium and swallowed a handful of pills. Despite her knowledge of drugs gained from her nursing career the attempt failed. She was found and taken to hospital.

The following day she called Murray several times from the hospital and he eventually came to pick her up in his Chevy.

When they met, Carol saw that Murray had brought with him another woman, Nancy Smith. Murray also carried his gun and Carol refused to get in the van and she walked home alone.



John "Jack" Murray

On August 2nd Carol took Shannon to a child psychologist and explained the sex situation. The doctor asked Shannon whether she was concerned about the activities and she admitted the situation didn't bother her. The psychologist, pointing out his unwillingness to moralize, sent Carol and Shannon away.

Later that same day Murray and Bundy were together again cruising in his mobile sex-den. Carol, on this occasion, had brought Shannon along whom Murray attempted to deflower but was unsuccessful. The three resorted to mutual oral sex.

The following day, Sunday, August 3rd, Bundy made arrangements to meet her lover again in the parking lot of the Little Nashville country club. When she arrived that night Murray was already there waiting in his van. Another woman, Avril Roy-Smith was in his company and she left as Bundy arrived.

Murray had told Roy-Smith he was carrying his gun.

The couple drove from the Nashville and parked up on a street a few blocks away. They climbed into the back of the van and prepared for sex. Murray slipped down his trousers and frilled red panties then lay on his stomach. Bundy crouched behind him, parted his buttocks and performed analingus, probing her tongue into his anus. As Murray groaned with delight Bundy reached into her waistband and retrieved a small calibre pistol. Tongue still in place she touched the muzzle of the gun to the back of Murray's head and fired a single bullet into his brain. She checked his pulse and tell-tale life-signs prompted another shot into his head, but still he lived. Carol dropped the gun and removed a hefty boning knife from her bag which she drove to the hilt, repeatedly, into the back of her lover. After a dozen inflictions Murray eventually death-rattled into oblivion. She then slit open his buttocks and mutilated his anus before finally sawing through his neck until the head was detached.

Carol rummaged through the cupboards and scattered videotapes and pornography around the headless body. She emptied Murray's briefcase, removed several polaroids and took his keys and gun. She then placed the head in a plastic bag, picked up her things and made her way back to her car on the Nashville parking lot. She drove to a callbox and phoned her apartment where her tenant and one-time temporary sex-partner, Douglas Clark answered the call.

#### CAROL BUNDY AND DOUGLAS DANIEL CLARK

They had met at the Little Nashville approximately two months after Bundy had left Valerio Gardens.

Clark was "a sexual hedonist and he appreciated nothing more than a varied choice of eager girlfriends. He moved in and out of homes on such a regular basis that at times he would forget where he was actually living.

The evening he met Carol they spent the night together and Bundy, learning of his problems with his latest landlady, offered him lodgings in her apartment. For a while the arrangement was rent free in which Clark traded sex as payment for accommodation. Eventually, when Doug thought cash would be more palatable, things resorted to a more conventional system.

During his brief stay at Lemona Avenue Clark himself was introduced to Carol's playmate Shannon. Temptation from the advanced youngster and Bundy's encouragement proved too much and he was ultimately photographed in simulated sex poses with the made-up child. Carol herself would also be willingly caught by the camera indulging in sex with Shannon.

Clark says, "We had sex about three times in all our relationship. Carol doesn't say otherwise. Murray was her intense SAM

lover. She and Jack had sex with the 11-year-old, he tried to orally and vaginally rape the kid. They repeatedly tried to engage my roommate Nancy in three-way sex. Carol even tried to get Nancy to join her and Shannon in three-way female sex. She told Nancy and Shannon not to let me know she was busy with Jack trying to have sex with them since I would not like her and her lover fucking around with my friends." Around early May Clark left the bizarre activities Bundy offered and found new lodgings.



Douglas Daniel Clark

Throughout the following months Doug's lifestyle became somewhat nomadic as he moved from woman to woman and apartment to apartment. Carol, however, professed her admiration for Clark but kept up an ambiguous and discrete relationship with her true love John Murray.

On Sunday, June 22nd Carol Bundy moved from her apartment in Van Nuys to Vardugo Avenue in Burbank. Clark, amongst others, helped her with the move, taking furniture and other possessions across town to her new home. Doug had agreed to rent a room in Burbank but only when he had found a 'housefrau' to move in with him and on the

condition that Shannon stayed away. As the Van Nuys apartment was still paid for he stayed there for a few days. He eventually moved into Bundy's new apartment approximately one week after her arrival.

In the early hours of August 4th Clark was aroused from his sleep by the telephone. His dancer friend, Nancy Smith was also living in temporarily. When he answered the phone Carol was on the other end of the line talking strangely, "I tried to wake up and figure out what the fuck she was whispering and giggling about." As the call continued, Nancy, who suffered from epilepsy began having a seizure. Doug told Carol to shut up and get home then he hung up and called an ambulance. When Bundy arrived back at the apartment there was a team of paramedics tending to Nancy who witnessed her arrival.

When the medical team left, Carol took Doug to her Datsun parked out on Verdugo Avenue. On the floor, in front of the passenger seat, was a plastic bag. Wrapped in the bag was John Murray's severed head, the ragged neck stump exposed. Clark stepped back and vomited. The worry with Nancy's seizure and now this being too much. Bundy calmly insisted he help her dispose of the head.

Clark was due to start his shift at the Jergens soap factory within the hour. He drove the Datsun in that direction, Bundy in the passenger seat, Murray in her lap. When they came across a refuse pile due for collection Bundy wound down the window and tossed the head into a bin. It was never seen again.

Doug covered his shift that morning despite the shock of what Carol had done to Murray. He thought of going to the police but was too concerned about the photos of himself and Shannon. The delayed shock-effect caught up with him the following day and he phoned in work feigning sickness. But things would only get worse.

Thursday, 7th August. Clark says, "Carol was pestering Tammy Spangler, one of Jack's prior lovers he treated rough, to come out and meet us for dinner. Her treat, and it is hinted, for three-way sex. Tammy comes over, not at all interested in Carol...we meet, Tammy and I hit it off. I want her away from Carol the minute I discover Tammy is related to Jack, fearing Carol is going to add to her insane acts of suicide and murder. Eventually Tammy leaves for the graveyard shift at work. Carol insists we go to Hollywood." Spangler had left for her shift as a security guard. It was around 9/9.30pm. Clark reluctantly agreed to go with Carol. After all he felt he was in no position to argue following Bundy's savage destruction of Murray and his own help in disposing of the head.

They took Carol's Datsun, Doug driving, Bundy seated in the passenger seat. Carol wanted a hooker to replace Tammy Spangler. She would pay. Doug was nervous, unsure of

Bundy's odd behaviour and worried about her intentions. He attempted to bluff his way out saying it would cost around \$500 to get a whore to do a three-way. Bundy suggested she would buy him a blow-job as a late birthday present.



Bundy's Datsun

They drove to Highland Avenue, saw a suitable whore and pulled up in a parking lot. Doug placed the Datsun's passenger door within inches of another parked and empty vehicle. He got out, the prostitute was called over and a deal was agreed.

The girl's name was Cathy and before she took the up-front payment she said "I don't do nothing with no women". She climbed into the back seat and Doug followed, leaving the drivers seat tilted up against the steering wheel. Carol sat in the front passenger seat watching through her half-inch-thick spectacles.

"We were in the back, me on the left, her on the right leaning over me and twisted around with only her left buttock on the edge of the seat." Cathy was working on Doug with her mouth as best she could in the cramped conditions when he noticed Carol fidgeting in her seat. "Carol had begun heaving herself up and down and craning her neck to view the area around the car." When he saw Carol's hand reaching round the seat he thought she was about to grope at Cathy. Then he saw the gun. For an instant Clark thought he was the target as had been John Murray. But Carol placed the pistol to the back of the prostitute's head and pulled the trigger. The bullet went clean through and struck Clark in the lower left side of his stomach. Blood flooded onto his work shirt and tee-



shirt. Doug was shocked and "freaking out". Carol told him to calm down and drive while she climbed into the back of the car, tore the clothes from the dead girl and "sexually assaulted her postmortem, all the while ranting she was sure the girl likes it." The body was driven to a remote area and dumped.

When they arrived back at Verdugo Avenue Carol told Doug she would get rid of his stained shirt and tee-shirt for him. He handed over the soiled clothing and wouldn't see it again until it was in police custody.

Saturday, 9th, August. The Van Nuys Police Department received a complaint about a Chevrolet van that had been left unattended on Barbara Ann street for several days. The caller also spoke of a foul smell that emanated from the vehicle.

Within minutes a squad car arrived to investigate and a policeman was able to distinguish a prone body in the back. A call was put through to homicide division although the officers on the scene suspected a possible suicide.

The vehicle was cordoned off and Detective Roger Pida entered the rear of the van to get a closer look at the body that lay amongst scattered video tapes, polaroids and porn mags. It was male, lying belly down,

half naked and headless. There were numerous stab wounds to the back and the buttocks and anus had been mutilated with a knife. The man's trousers were around his ankles as were a pair of "flaming red female panties". The head was nowhere to be found. The scene had all the hallmarks of a bizarre homosexual sex crime. Possibly a rent boy switching from sodomy to murder and robbery.

Documents found in a wallet, including a cheque dated June 11th, identified the dead man as John Robert Murray. Records showed his wife had reported him missing three days earlier. Detectives interviewed her and regulars of the Little Nashville Club. They soon became aware of his regular lover Carol Bundy.

The following day two detectives called at Bundy's apartment in Burbank. Carol allowed the two men in. Also in the apartment were Douglas Clark and Tammy Spangler. They had called to take a shower and collect clothing as they were staying elsewhere in a motel.

The detectives informed Bundy that they wanted to take her in for questioning about John Murray. Clark and Spangler offered to follow in another car in order to bring her home after the interview.

At the station Clark and Bundy offered

differing alibis for the date Murray had died. Clark said Bundy had been at home with him all night, Carol admitted she had seen John briefly on the night in question. They asked Bundy if she had any guns and she told them she had recently sold a pair to a tall guy with red hair and a scar. His name, she claimed, was Mike Hammer.

Tammy Spangler, meanwhile, spoke of a girl named Avril she had seen talking with Murray on the night of his murder. Bundy was subsequently released and the police questioned Avril Roy-Smith that same day. She gave a verifiable alibi but also mentioned that the last time she saw Jack he was entering his van with Carol Bundy.

Monday, 11 August, Detectives Pida and Landgren, now suspicious of Bundy's previous alibi, were preparing an arrest warrant for her. At about the same time Bundy walked off her job at the hospital after confessing to colleagues that she was responsible for murdering and decapitating her lover. She told them she was going to "clean out evidence before Doug gets home". When Bundy had left, an official at the hospital reported the confession to the police.

On her way home Carol stopped off at the Jergens factory gatehouse and asked the security guard for Douglas Clark. When he came out she said she'd spoken to the police and told them everything. "I said, get the fuck away from me you crazy cunt. I went back in to keep calling Pida, leaving messages for him to call me back. He never did." He believed Bundy had accused him of murdering Murray - something she had threatened to do - and probably Cathy too. After Carol had shot her she told Doug the cops would never believe a woman had pulled the trigger. There were also the incriminating photos of Shannon, a selection of which Carol claimed to have in a safe deposit box.

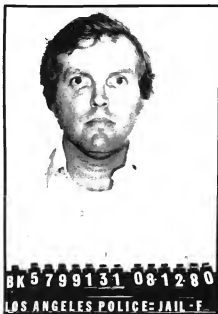
When Carol arrived at her apartment she called Detective Kilgore, offered to turn herself in and give detailed accounts of the recent serial killings on and around the Sunset Strip. She requested him not to come over to arrest her but to meet her later thus giving her time to get the evidence together. She suggested meeting at a Diner at 2pm. Kilgore agreed.

During the conversation Bundy admitted "The honest truth is, it's fun to kill people...it's kind of fun like riding a roller coaster. Not the killing, not the action that somebody died, because we didn't kill them in a way that hurt them..." Unknown to Kilgore, Bundy was recording the conversation.

It was then that Carol began to rearrange items in her apartment believing she had a couple of hours to get things in place. She was unaware of the fact that other detectives had already left downtown and were on their way over to arrest her.

When they arrived, the startled Bundy held a cardboard box that contained several pairs of panties and clothing from an unidentified, and as yet undiscovered, victim later tagged 'Jane Doe 28'. The box also contained a purse said to belong to another unidentified victim, 'Jane Doe 18'.

As the cops began to look around Bundy said "Want to see what kind of guy Doug Clark is?" and she reached for her own handbag on the table. She was prevented from getting the purse by an officer who suspected it may contain a gun. Inside was her key ring, she told them to open the cabinet in Clark's room. The ring held a newly cut key that fitted the lock. The cabinet contained a photo album of Clark and his many lovers including shots of his and Carol's poses with Shannon. Also in the file cabinet was a gun sales receipt, hidden amongst papers and made out to Juan Gomez, which proved to be false.



Clark's booking photo

Detective Pida had by this time taken Douglas Clark in for further questioning. "They took me to Van Nuys, no food, water or toilet for 10 hours from when I got to work. They held me without reading me my rights because I wanted a lawyer. They transported me 30 miles, illegally, away from the courthouse next door to where I was first held. They finally read me my rights after 8 hours in custody and when I asked for a lawyer they said they had all gone home for the day and it would take hours to get one back. I gave permission to search the house, my bike, job,

everything. I gave them my boots, saliva, blood, the works. They asked if I would take a lie detector test and I eagerly agreed. They then refused to do it."

In custody Clark was asked if he knew what he had been arrested for. He believed it to be involvement in the killing of John Murray. The police showed him the photo album removed from his locker and for the first time Clark looked uneasy. The detectives then gave him photographs of Gina Marano and Cynthia Chandler (who Clark admitted to knowing personally) and talked of prostitute murders. Clark said "Someone is trying to lynch my ass, and I have a hunch I know who it is." In order to detain Clark he was charged with child molestation. There was no evidence he was involved with the "Sunset Slayings" other than Carol Bundy's accusations.

He admitted what he had known about the killing of John Murray prior to the police discovering his body. When asked why he didn't just go straight to the police and report the crime Clark answered that Bundy had the incriminating photos (the "pretties" as Carol referred to them) of himself and Shannon which she threatened him with.

Meanwhile Bundy's version of the Murray murder corroborated what Clark had stated. The reason, she explained, for the decapitation was to make it appear a psycho had committed the crime. Later she suggested it was to remove the evidence of traceable bullets. The only points which fluctuated wildly was her reason for killing him and an explanation of the bullet casings.

She claimed she killed him because he stole her money; because he had jilted her; then because he was planning on raping and killing Shannon; because he was going to report Doug to the police as the "Sunset Slayer". Finally, and more recently, she claims never to have told the real reason nor will she ever tell it.

Bundy made a point of saying that she forgot about the bullet casings and had left them in the van. First she stated that she didn't realise the weapon automatically ejected the cases, then that she knew the cases where ejected but she simply forgot to pick them up.

During the initial thorough search of the van there was no record of any shell casings being found. Sometime later a detective would claim to have found a single shell casing that had been fired by the chrome plated pistol. It would also transpire that an official police evidence envelope, sealed and marked '2 shell casings', - both discharged by the chrome gun and found at other locations - was found torn open and with half its contents missing.

During Bundy's conversation one detective recognised her voice. Carol, it transpired,

was the source of the Betsy/Claudia phone call on June 14th. As she rambled on telling detectives of murders even they weren't aware of she mentioned a recent killing of a prostitute called Cathy. (Skeletal remains were found the following year although there was no evidence to suggest the bones were of Cathy. The fragments were tagged Jane Doe 28).



*Bundy testifies against Clark*

She went on to declare the crime took place in her Datsun then changed to the Buick, her second vehicle. She would finally stick to the Buick as the murder vehicle but always describe the interior of the Datsun as she related events. She stated Doug and herself were out cruising for whores and they picked a girl in Hollywood. Doug was outside urinating, Cathy came over and climbed into the driver's seat and she was in the back. Clark sat in the passenger seat and coaxed Cathy into oral sex. Carol claimed they had previously agreed that she should kill the girl by shooting her in the head as she fellated Doug. He would signal when she should do it. She took the gun from her bag unsure of what to do when Clark snatched it from her and shot the girl in the head himself.

Clark comments on this unlikely scenario. "Now, first, no one would let a half-blind bitch reach over, shoot at a head in his lap and hope like hell that she didn't

blow a hole in his knee or chest", and the even more outlandish suggestion of firing a bullet into the head of a girl with his penis in her mouth, "Shoot a girl sucking my cock? What if her jaw locked shut?".

When Bundy explained the details of the Marano/Chandler murders she described it as Clark had supposedly related to her.

He had, she told detectives, picked the two girls up in the Buick around midday, June 11th. They had driven to a secluded parking lot with Chandler in the front and Marano in the back. Clark had talked Chandler into oral sex and requested Marano to turn away during the act. As Chandler performed, he reached for his gun and fired two shots through Marano's head. When Chandler rose from his lap he shot her in the head and finished her off with a shot in the chest. He then drove to his garage during daylight hours with the two bodies in the car. He dragged the girls from the vehicle into the lock-up and had sex with them both.

Later he called round at Bundy's apartment and left a note pinned to her door (first she said the note was left on the table but when it was shown that Clark had no key to gain access she claimed he'd fixed it to the door). He eventually returned to the garage, dragged the bodies out and drove them to Ventura Freeway and dumped them.

She stated it was the result of these bloody deaths that prompted the car wash she spoke of in the Betsy/Claudia call. But once again Bundy's tale had hit a snag. A car wash did occur with the Buick and Clark never denied it but it was proved to have taken place on June 21st. Seven days after Bundy's phone call. Clark points out "Everyone who saw or rode in the Buick said from June 14th to June 21st the car was dry and right after the only Buick wash job - June 21st - it was soaked and damp with steamy air for a full week. The point is, what fucking vehicle was she washing out just before the taped June 14th police call? The Datsun was broken down, the Buick was dry and only the van fits the many details she described in the call."

Clark's explanation for the June 21st Buick wash was that on the previous evening he had been visiting a girlfriend, Joey Lamphier. At that time he was living with Cissy Buster whom he had met and moved in with around late May. When he left Joey's he had reversed the Buick over an alley cat crushing its hindquarters. He lifted the still living animal into the car where it crawled under the passenger seat. Doug was renowned for his fondness of cats. He had taken in several strays and rescued others from animal pounds. However, the injured creature expired before he could reach the vet so he placed the dead animal in a cardboard box and left it by a garbage skip.

On Saturday, after work, he took Carol -

who wanted the Buick back in preparation for her move to Burbank the next day - and Timmy, the son of his current landlady, along to the car wash. There he hosed the cat's blood, urine and excrement from under the seat and vacuumed the excess water out. Timmy told detectives that the small amount of blood was still wet contradicting Carol's claim that it had been there for ten days. Clark points out, "If this car wash had a sinister motive why would I take a mouthy kid along?"

That evening Doug took Cissy to the drive-in and she complained about the musty smell in the vehicle and the fact that he had been out with Carol that day. They argued and Clark moved out the next day.

By mid 1991 Carol changed her story yet again. This time for the benefit of a journalist writing a book on the case. She now claimed that the June 21st car wash followed the killing of Cathy (Jane Doe 2B) that occurred the previous night. The blood was no longer that of Chandler and Marano and the Cathy kill-vehicle was no longer the Datsun but again these contradictions were ignored.

Her version of events, again claimed to be Clark's words, about the deaths of Exxie Wilson and Karen Jones were equally conspicuous.

Doug was out cruising on Sunset Boulevard in the Buick when he spotted a trio of whores trading together. He encouraged one into the car and drove several miles from the pick-up point to a parking lot behind the Sizzler restaurant. While the prostitute sucked his penis he shot her in the head. He dragged the girl out and decapitated her on the ground. He tossed the head into the back of the Buick and drove back to the pick-up point. One of the other two girls was still trading. She too climbed into the car and Doug drove her to a spot, pulled out his gun and shot her in the head. He pushed the body from the car and drove away. He went to Carol's new apartment in Burbank, put the head in the freezer and placed a call to the Lemona apartment at 3.08 am (the call was registered in the phone company's records). He then went out searching for the remaining prostitute but was unsuccessful and so he drove to Lemona Avenue and there gave Carol money taken from the dead whores (supposedly a \$100 bill and \$50 bill). Carol stated that she herself later played with the severed head and "made it up like a Barbie doll".

Most prostitutes are reluctant to trick alone, they prefer to work in pairs for safety. Yet here Carol claims that Clark picked up the first girl, returned to the area without her and encouraged her colleague into the blood-soaked car with her friend's severed head on the back seat. Furthermore, as Wilson was alive during the decapitation it would be impossible to accomplish the

mutilation without being sprayed with arterial blood.

Her claim that Clark had taken \$150 from the girls was also unlikely. Neither girl had been working long enough that evening to generate such an amount. Moreover, Jones showed no signs of having had a sex partner at all.

A more credible scenario for the whole episode would involve the girls being picked up together rather than individually. This suggestion though would be too dangerous for an individual to perpetrate. Two killers would be needed for a safe hit.

However, the only draw back with this idea is the time problem. Witnesses heard a vehicle racing from the Sizzler Restaurant parking lot at around 1/1.30 am. At 2.30/2.45 am in a different area residents heard a scream and Jones' body was found there at 3.05 am.

This time difference points to the girls being picked up separately. The bloody demise of the first victim indicates two people (one to do the killing and cutting the other to pick up the second victim) and a vehicle more discreet than a fully open and visible Buick. This, of course, points to Murray and Bundy using the van.

A more plausible scenario would be as follows. Wilson is picked up some time shortly after midnight and driven to a side street for sex with Murray. Bundy places the Raven to the back of the girl's head and shoots her - this incident would be duplicated identically two months later with Cathy. They drive the comatose girl over to Studio City and Bundy strips the girl, drags her from the van and decapitates her with tools from the kill-bag (the coroner said it was likely that Murray and Wilson had been decapitated by the same skilled hand and blade). The girl's dress is thrown into a skip and the head taken back into the van.

They drive back to Hollywood and Murray pick up Jones, the blood soaked Bundy hiding in the back of the van. She too is driven over the hills so as to be dumped in the vicinity of the first victim. At around 2.30 Bundy makes her presence known, gun in her right hand, Wilson's head in the other. Karen screams and Bundy shoots her in the left temple. The body is pushed from the van and the couple drive the short distance to Burbank.

From her new apartment Bundy makes a call to Lemona Avenue. Doug answers the phone. Having confirmed Clark's whereabouts they take Exxie's head from the van's refrigerator and up to the apartment. "We had some fun with her," Carol later admitted to police. Expecting Clark to move into the apartment by the end of the week they dump the head the following Thursday.

In order for Carol's claim that she received the phone call to be true it would

mean that after moving her furniture over to Burbank that day she returned to Van Nuys to sleep on the floor of an empty apartment.

Clark remembers the day well. It was Sunday 22nd June, the day he left Cissy Buster. "I argued with her on Sunday. She said leave me if you don't want to live with me...I finally said fuck it and lugged my stuff down to the Buick." Carol had complained about the dampness and lingering smell of cat feces from the previous day's car wash. Clark had offered to dry it out and clean it further if necessary. He had promised to return the vehicle in time for her move. "I had forgot my suit and my cowboy boots and some shirts, I went back for them later. I drove over and put the stuff in the garage. I then drove to Lemona about 1.30 to 2.30, the movers came about 3.00 to 4.00 and moved her into Burbank in two trailer and pick-up truck loads. I rode with them and Carol had a slew of kids help her put kitchen shit in the Buick. At the other end the movers moved it all up, I helped and strained my back and ended up nearly unable to move. I left early and rode the bike back to Van Nuys. I called Al Joines, my assistant at Jergens, about 8pm, told him I'd hurt my back and asked him if he would start up the boiler the following morning." Clark then drank several beers and crashed out on a mattress in the now empty Lemona Avenue apartment. He was woken from his sleep by the 3.08am call from Carol.

During her arrest interrogation she told detectives of a murder that occurred "two weekends ago". The statement was taped on Monday, August 11th.

She would later be given the opportunity to change the date when detectives ascertained that Clark was 380 miles away attending his brothers wedding on the weekend pinpointed by Bundy. She would finally say "Sometime in July".

She said that this had been the last killing and Doug had told her nothing about it "The last one I don't know anything about, he won't tell me, and he won't tell you...so you may as well forget it, you have enough on him with these..." Yet within minutes she began to give a full description of the crime, the nickname Clark has supposedly associated to the victim (Water Tower) and the location of the body. She even described Doug placing the girl's body on the bonnet of the Datsun and having intercourse while the running motor simulated "coital movements".

She also claimed that the handbag found in the cardboard box the police had arrested her with belonged to "Water Tower". The bag actually contained several business cards and telephone numbers yet no effort was made to check these numbers to procure a possible identification.

Clark believes if Jane Doe 1B was identified then it could lead to a date when

she was last seen alive and therefore a probable murder date.

He also comments on the nickname attributed to the victim. "She is found by an oil tank. I am a four-year educated engineer, and tanks are not towers and oil is not water. This was obviously in the oil pumping area of those hills and I would never nickname a girl 'water tower', only laymen might."

To confuse things further Bundy claimed that makeup found in Jane Doe 1B's purse had been used to decorate the severed head of Exxie Wilson despite the fact that Wilson had died a month earlier and the head had been retrieved four days after her death.

Furthermore, Bundy always claimed that the first time she was certain that the crimes were really occurring was when she saw Wilson's severed head around June 24/26. Further evidence that her final date for Cathy's murder, June 20th, was false.

#### MOTIVE NECROPHILIA

During her trading of accusatory testimony to escape the gas chamber, Carol insisted that Clark was a necrophile. It was said that he shot the prostitutes through the head as they performed oral sex on him. Common sense would deter even the most deviant psychopath from such activity. Not only because of the danger from exiting bullets, as in the case of Gina Marano, but also the peril of potential reflexive bites.

She went on to explain how Doug had taken the severed head of Exxie Wilson from the freezer and into the shower where he performed oral sex with the icy remnant.

The body of Jane Doe 1B had been driven up a steep incline, dragged from the car leaking urine, placed on the bonnet while the motor still ran and postmortem copulation occurred, the vibrating engine simulating life movements.

Gina Marano and Cynthia Chandler were taken to Clark's garage, hauled from the car and placed in a '69' position. Doug then had oral, vaginal and anal sex with the dead girls.

Despite her claims internal swabs taken from the bodies of Marano and Chandler showed no traces of sperm. However, traces of blood and sperm were found on Wilson's body and Chandler's external vulva area. When tested it was shown to be blood type A. Clark is blood type O. Traces of acid phosphates were found in Wilson's throat but this probably came from damaged glands and spinal fluid. The prosecution suggested it was sperm traces even though, as before, the blood group did not match Clark's.

The only necrophile activity Clark himself admitted to witnessing occurred in the Datsun on the night when Carol murdered Cathy.

As he drove the car Bundy stripped the

dead girl and forced her hand and wrist into her vagina. Bundy also admitted to having her tongue in the anus of John Murray as she fired bullets into his head. Furthermore, when her Datsun was stored after it was released from police impound a letter was found. It contained sexually explicit details of 'vaginal death spasms' and was signed Betsy, the pseudonym Carol had used in the phone call to police.

#### BUNDY THE "POLICE AGENT"



After Bundy's arrest for murder she was taken out by detectives for a meal and a "chat". During this freedom time she emptied her safe deposit box. No reports were made of the contents. She also took police to Clark's private post box and they ordered the postal clerk to hand over the mail it contained. They went to her apartment and allowed her to arrange the sale of the furniture despite the fact that it was Clark's property. And, as Clark states, "They then let her have her car back untested by us, and she destroyed the evidence. They never let murder cars back, never." When the Datsun was stored by a citizen offering help to Bundy it was found to contain the 'death spasm' letter and a bloody jacket.

"They let her steal 3000 dollars out of a bank box in Jack's name and hers, without even noting what else she took out of it! Smell a dirty, under the table deal? For two years they swore this trip never occurred, until we proved it, then they claimed it was done without a single question or answer to her. They all deny any deal of any kind was

ever reached, even tantatively...and they denied this whole day, August 29, only 18 days after arrest, 15 days after her arraignment for murder.

"When we proved it they admitted it all but said it was just to help her wrap up her affairs while in jail. Sha is the only person in the history of the State to get this 'favour' without a deal...if they were to admit the deal existed three lawyers and a dozen cops would land in jail."

While Clark was incarcerated in prison he received a 'fan' letter from a young lady named Varonica Lynn Compton. She herself was in jail and Clark became aware that she was in the cell adjacent to Carol Bundy and the two women had built up a rapport.

Compton was serving time for attempted murder. The result of a failed, lunatic scheme to free Kenneth Bianchi, the notorious Hillside Strangler. Bianchi had smuggled out a sample of his semen (contained in the finger of a rubber glove hidden in the spine of a book) which Compton was to smear in and around the vagina of a woman she was to strangle, thus "proving" the strangler was still at large. Unfortunately for them both the victim she chose overpowered her and Compton was duly arrested.

"Veronica Compton wrote to me because Carol Bundy was in the cell near her, telling her they (she and Veronica) were both framing someone for killings committed with their lovers (Carol Bundy/Jack Murray, Veronica Compton/Ken Bianchi). See, VLC was lying about being Ken's partner...she had just met him after he was arrested for the Hillside Strangler case. Now Compton wrote and begged me not to "front her off" as a person telling about other prisoners, but Carol says she is framing you and that she and Jack did the crimes. Then, after several letters back and forth, we realized Compton was a coke-freak and weirdo. To keep her 'on the line' I went along and played the 'game' of sex letters to her, catering to her ego as some kind of super sax-kitten.

"She kept wanting to know about this case. I sent her over 30 photos, from police 'extra' prints we had, which included apartment shots, cars, odds and ends, locations, victims the works. These were crime scene numbered police prints. They were accompanied by detailed and lengthy documents explaining each photo's relevance to the case. They were sent to appease her interest and all were to be returned. She stole one photo of Exxia Wilson's body."

Compton had a necrophilia fixation, a desire made evident in her letters to Clark. On an occasion when her cell was searched and the photo and letters from Clark were found they were used as evidence against him. The prosecutors wanted to use necrophilia as one of Clark's motives for the murders. Here they had 'proof' he was intarasted in such

activities. "The DA admits he faked the context of how Compton got the photo. He admitted he knew she had lifted one from scores of photographs." Despite this it would remain on record that Clark had sent the letters and a single photograph depicting one of 'his' decapitated victims.

The correspondence, however, had given Clark much vital data on Carol Bundy. Information on her sex-life, her relationship with John Murray, the murders, framing him for the crimes and even that Bundy had intended to frame him for Murray's murder also. She blamed Nancy Smith for the failure of that set-up as it was her seizure that brought the paramedics, and therefore independent witnesses, to her apartment that night.

Doug was now hoping to use Compton as a witness for the defence who could testify against Bundy during trial but: "...we lost the pull, the edge...the magnet to draw her into court. See, she faced a dreaded 'informer' label in prison and worse, she had to beg these men in the 'prosecution brotherhood' to grant her parole. The DA in this case, illegally, on record, threatened to try to prosecute her for perjury, without even knowing what it was she would tell! Yet, in the next courtroom, the same DA office was using her as their own witness to try to kill Angelo Buono in the Hillside case. In my court sha is a total liar and in the other court she is god's own sainted seer? Hogwash!"

#### GUNS

On Friday, May 18th 1980, Carol Bundy purchased two .25 calibre Raven Automatic pistols. The guns were not identical in their appearance, they were distinguished by their finish. One was chrome plated, the other nickel plated. Ballistic tests identified the



*Bundy's nickel plated Raven*

nickel gun to be the one used in the murders. It was linked to all the victims except Gina Marano, Jane Doe 28 and John Murray for whom there was no ballistic evidence available.

Bundy claimed the nickel gun was Doug's and her's was the chrome. Doug and witnesses said otherwise.

During the Memorial holiday weekend, which commenced May 24th, Clark had made arrangements to travel up north to visit his parents with his girlfriend Tomi. He was planning to make the journey on his motorbike. But, in case Tomi was too nervous to ride the bike, he phoned Carol (he had moved out of Bundy's apartment on Lesona Avenue previously) to check if he could borrow the Buick should he need it. During the conversation Bundy told him she had recently bought two guns and asked if he would check them over for her. He agreed to and enquired if he could borrow one for his trip. "I had nothing but a huge shotgun and the State's biker gangs were doing a run up the same route we were going, to Yosemite Park. I felt nervous with Tomi on the bike among hundreds of rough bikers for over 300 miles of open road." Carol, however, refused to lend him a gun but when Doug arrived to pick up the Buick, which he needed to fetch Tomi from the airport, she changed her mind and handed him both pistols. Neither gun was loaded. Doug was intending to buy a box of bullets but found no time. He picked up Tomi from the airport and drove to a motel where they spent the night despite Carol's offer of a bed.

The following morning they drove back to Bundy's apartment where he had left his bike. Before they left for Yosemite he asked Carol whether she had any ammunition for the guns. She handed him a box that was only two thirds full.

When he returned from the holiday and Tomi departed for Indiana he went to hand back Bundy's guns. He told her that the Chrome one jammed and caught the empties, Carol said she already knew that and he could keep it as a gift.

Later he gave the pistol to Joey Lamphier, a girlfriend who was concerned about the recent murder of woman at the place she used to work. He told her it was liable to jam and demonstrated how to clear it should it catch the empty cartridge. Joey had the gun as of June 18th.

Sometime in early July at the Burbank apartment Carol suddenly asked Doug "Where is my gun?" He told her he had lent it to a friend and she immediately assumed, quite rightly, it was Joey. Clark then says "She started to rant and rave about giving away a gift. I offered to pay her for it... she got madder. I said okay, fuck you, I will give it back. I never wanted the fucking thing in the first place...I went over, got it, told Joey flat out, the person who gave it to me wants it back. No problem, and I left." He then returned the chrome gun to Carol.

The next time Clark was to see either of the guns was on the night of August 7th when Carol shot Cathy through the head. Doug

didn't see which of the two guns it was.

The pistols appeared again on August 9th, after the police had discovered Murray's body. Bundy handed both guns, contained in her makeup bag, to Clark saying "Get rid of these where they'll never be found." He took them to the Jergens factory. They would eventually be discovered by a worker still contained in Bundy's makeup bag hidden on top of a boiler.



*Bundy's second weapon*

John Murray also had at least two guns despite the fact that he was a green card alien and therefore forbidden to possess firearms. One of the guns was a 9 millimetre calibre model, the other a small calibre pistol. Both were handed to police by his wife. The smaller of the two was described in a police report as a "6 millimetre Perfecta".

Clark says, "I tried to check and my investigator says Perfecta does not make a 6mm pistol...no one does. Why would a cop write down make, model and serial number but get the calibre wrong? Then seize the huge 9mm pistol and leave the smaller one which is the size he is seeking?" This missing small calibre pistol, possibly more powerful than the Raven, could explain the two bullets passing through the head of Gina Marano.

The vehicles used in the serial killings belonged to Carol Bundy and John Murray although Clark and Murray did have access to Carol's cars. By the time of her arrest she had sold the Buick but police soon traced it for forensic examination. The Datsun however, - which she bought on May 31st, 1980 the day prior to Marnette Comer's murder - was in her possession when arrested. In the boot was a brown paper bag containing rubber gloves, paper towels and a large kitchen knife. Carol called it the "Kill-bag". This bag must have been carried by her or already in Murray's van on the night he died. No witnesses saw her with it so it can be safely assumed that it was in the van. This of course indicates Murray as an accomplice.

And, as will be shown, John Murray's van contained something just as evident of murder other than his decapitated body.



The 'Kill-Bag'

#### BETSY, DON, JOHN AND CLAUDIA

When Carol Bundy telephoned the Van Nuys police for the second time on Saturday, June 14th, she changed her code name from Betsy to Claudia. She told detectives who were recording the call, "Betsy is a code name that's devised between my friend and myself, it was a grave mistake giving it out in the first place. So now what I have to do is negate the value of 'Betsy'." She was, she claimed, concerned that the name would be recognised should it reach the press. Later she said "What I'm trying to get from you is enough information that, uh, verifies what Don's told me...uh...anyway, what he's told me..." The detectives considered this a slip up, an unintentional name drop because of the way she redressed "what Don's told me" with "what he's told me". It would later transpire that the names Betsy and Don were associated to Clark.

Doug volunteers the origin of the names. "Long before, my ex wife and I knew a couple of swingers named Betsy and Don. Over about five years I had used their first names as pseudonyms when running an ad in the local 'naughty' personals...as a couple J and I used them often, and periodically my mail box held mail to these names. Carol knew from my personal effects and having seen mail as it came to the box I had let her use, foolishly. The names were on the official list of box holders on that annex post office box." He believes she used the names Betsy/Don, then later Claudia/John, to create alternative scapegoats. "It was to lay herself a foundation in case at some later point she

wished to finger me or Jack. Claudia was a close friend of Jack's who she knew at the Valerio apartments."

During the course of the 'Claudia' call Bundy said she had found a bag full of girl's clothes, "white cheap towels" a blanket and "tons" of paper towels all soaked in blood in the back of her lover's "Plymouth". She also went on to say "Oh I know one thing else we did today...We washed the car. I mean washed the car. Inside out, scrubbed it down, he took hoses and he shooshed all that blood and all the clots and stuff out of the car. I mean really soaked the inside of that car down." Despite these admissions she claimed the reason for the call was to "...ascertain whether or not the individual that I know, who happens to be my lover, did in fact do this. He said he did." And the reason she doubted his claim of murder was "...he fantasizes a lot and he comes up with a lot of bullshit." It is totally inconceivable that Bundy doubted her "lover's" claims considering the evidence she claimed to have seen and handled.

At one point in the call Bundy said "...he's been telling me throughout his adolescence...up to his forties that he was ...a flunky hit man..." The detective holding the conversation showed an interest in the age she let slip and Bundy immediately back tracked as far as she could with "I will tell you that right now he's forty-one years old." John Murray was forty-five and often told tales of being a CIA assassin. When asked what had happened to the clothing she responded "I gave it to John this afternoon." And later when the detectives said they believed what she was saying Bundy stated "...whether or not John was making it up is something else again."

As the call progressed it became evident that Bundy was merely ascertaining what the police already knew. She asked questions like "What do you have that I don't have?" and "When where the kids hit? Alright, what are your hours on it, what did you peg down?". When detectives informed her that they had excessive information she responded with "Like description of the car, what he looks like and all that crap?" What, it seemed, was her main concern was whether there had been any witnesses.

Each time she was unsuccessful in drawing information from the police she offered them a little more detail in order to keep them hooked. When the detectives said she could have read such items in the papers she offered details only the killer would know. Such as a description of the gunshots "Two in one girl's head and virtually blew the back of the girl's head away. One shot in the head and one shot in the chest of the second girl. Does that jibe with what you've got?" For some reason the police would not verify this fact despite Bundy saying earlier "I'm going to conceal his identity until I

have enough knowledge that he did it to turn him over." Confirmation of the bullet hits could have given the detectives the name of the killer there and then.

The call was eventually terminated, accidentally by the operator. Bundy never called again. When the police found Bundy's name and address on the gun purchase records they didn't follow it up in spite of this tape recorded evidence that a female was involved.

#### **BULLETS, BOOT PRINTS AND PORNOGRAPHY**

Investigators had a field day combing Bundy's apartment. In her bedside cabinet they found 29 rounds of .25 ammunition (Carol kept loose bullets in aspirin bottles. The Excedrin pills were specifically for headaches. Carol's bullets specifically for heads - such was her dark humour). They discovered such incriminating evidence as copies of PLAYBOY and HUSTLER in Carol's lounge - A particular bondage and domination magazine depicting a blonde girl tied and gagged was picked up by the prosecution. They intended to use it in trial until they discovered Carol had bought it before she even met Clark. Investigators

also found several reels of Super 8 pornography. They came across one book amongst many that had a single line drawing of a severed head. The picture depicting the severed head and phallic object protruding from it's mouth was taken out of context and used in evidence during trial. Clark suggested this was like taking the page from a dictionary that defines 'necrophilia' and using that in trial. But even more 'damning' evidence was yet to come.

Inside Doug's garage, which he used as a wood store and to keep his motorbike and belongings in between his frequent accommodation moves, they found his boot print. The police were keen to ascertain what the boot print consisted of. It could have been blood they reasoned.

The forensic experts carried out a presumptive blood test which gave a positive result. This merely indicated that the stain was organic. Further tests are required to authenticate the true nature of the material being examined. In this case the follow-up confirmation test was never done. Their reason, they claimed, was "to preserve the boot print" for identification and



comparison. This is a relatively lame excuse as the print is preserved photographically. There is no reason at all why a positive blood test couldn't be done after the photo had been taken. Unless of course they were concerned that the stain may fail the test.

They also claimed to have found a further 'blood stain' measuring two by eight feet in size. They said it indicated that heavily bleeding bodies had been dragged across the floor. This, they reasoned, corroborated Bundy's testimony about the necrophile orgy that had supposedly occurred in the garage with Clark and the bodies of Chandler and Marano. As with the boot print only a presumptive test was carried out.

The girls' bodies, however, when examined, showed no signs of blood smears or streaks as would be the case had they been dragged across a floor in such a manner. Postmortem abrasions on the back of Chandler were, postulated investigators, indicative of the body being dragged. On the other hand, these markings could be the result of the body being dumped down the ravine.

Clark was astonished that the police should be so surprised to find his boot print in his garage. "What the fuck am I supposed to do, levitate around my garage?". He also explains the large 'body-drag mark'. "There was a track where the bike went in and came out over a period of six months right down the middle of the narrow garage. I stored raw wood, ply and particle boards there. There were four woodworking shops in a fifty foot radius that directly dusted the area. The door allowed leaves and dust to blow in around and under it."

"Carol told the cops a fable about this orgy because at the time of Cindy and Gina's murders she knew I had no place to have sex with two dead girls. At that time I was living with Cissy in an upstairs apartment. I had no van, only a bike. She told them this story to cover the fact that the girls may have had sex, and she needed a place for Doug while they had Jack's van. The cops perked up their ears and wanted to go see the garage. She instantly and frantically began to insist, you won't find any evidence there, we scrubbed it out. Why this lie? The garage had obviously not been scrubbed out, not even swept out. It was to explain why the cops would not find a trace. She assumed testing would prove no blood was there. She didn't know how incompetent or sleazy the cops' handling of the testing would be. Bingo! They create 'proof' to back up the story she was backtracking off. None of this reached the jury because my drunken lawyer ignored it, said it was blood."

#### A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS ARREST

The State's mainframe of evidence was the testimony of other individuals rather than any physical proof. Such accusatory testimony came not only from Carol Bundy. There were

others who spoke of their involvements with Clark.

On June 18th Carol Bundy asked Doug to obtain a quote from a removals company in preparation for her upcoming move from Van Nuys to Burbank. She gave him a selection of numbers to call from work and also requested that he turn on the electricity and water in the Burbank apartment (it would later transpire that these phone numbers had been taken from a book found on Cynthia Chandler).

There was a time slot of 30 minutes for outgoing calls at Clark's factory, from 11.30 to noon, and he was too busy to place the call at that time.

However a woman named Laurie Briggs, who was taking calls for her husband's removals company that Clark was to contact on Bundy's behalf, did receive a phone call at midday. It was from a man claiming to be a detective from the LAPD. He was talking about the recent murders of Chandler and Marano although Briggs had never heard of the girls. He gave a description of a suspect that related to Clark. Later she reported it to the police, who noted down her call was received around 12 noon, and they asked if the detective had left a name. Briggs said he had but she couldn't remember exactly, though it was "a Detective H-something".

Later that same day, at around 3pm, Clark also telephoned Briggs as per Carol's request. Briggs claimed not to recall this specific conversation but this is only to be expected as it was one of many similar business calls.

Two and a half months later, following Clark and Bundy's arrest, the police reinterviewed Briggs and now, quite miraculously, she recalled the detective's name. It was, she stated, Detective Douglas Clark and the call had come in not at noon but somewhere between 1 and 3pm.

On the date of June 11th when the step-sisters, Chandler and Marano were murdered Clark could not recall who he was living with, nor what he was doing that day after work. It eventually became apparent that he was still lodging with Cissy Buster and she told detectives that he came home from work after eight o'clock in the evening. Records from the plant showed he had finished at 1pm. Buster went on to claim he had phoned to say he would be home late, she remembered because it was her son's graduation party. It would be shown that these events actually occurred on Friday, June 13th, not the day of the murders. Clark's work log for Friday indicated he had worked until 8pm and also showed the phone call was made.

One thing that would clinch the case against Clark would be a survivor of an attack. While he and Bundy were in custody a regular jailbird named Charlene Anderman was also

inside. She was frequently arrested on drug and prostitution charges.

Around the same time the Sunset murders were taking place a series of savage knife attacks and robberies on prostitutes were occurring. In April Charlene Anderman fell victim to one such assault. A punter had her in his car when he pulled a knife and stabbed her several times in the back before kicking her from his vehicle.

Police eventually arrested a man named Jerome Van Houten for the robberies and assaults and Anderman, who was a serious junkie and "loaded on PCP and Heroin" at the time of the attack, identified Van Houten in a line-up. But her recollection of the attack was hazy - she said it occurred in a motel room, then a car the colour and make of which constantly changed - and the police deemed her I.D. unreliable. They had enough on Van Houten for a conviction from other victims who identified him and his vehicle. Clark explains, "The DA let Van Houten plea bargain, go to prison for a while and dropped most charges, including all the Anderman charges, because she was so weak a witness."

"Two years later she is bragging in jail about being attacked by the guy in the newspaper at the time (me) and acting like a big shot...but she does not tell the cops. She knows who really did it, Van Houten. Now, she is bragging and Carol Bundy hears it and she tells the cops to check it out. Carol then sends me a joke birthday card saying she just sent the cops on a wild goose chase because some gal was bragging you attacked her. Much later, on the reverse side of several pages of the earlier case's Anderman report, Carol wrote in detail how stupid they are to believe her."

However, the police interviewed Anderman again. They showed her a photograph of Clark and she decided that he was the man who had attacked her and agreed to testify against Clark in court. Suddenly, the authorities had deemed Anderman's once unreliable testimony now dependable and valid.

After her brief appearance in the courtroom Anderman was released from jail. The authorities claimed that her rapid discharge was merely a coincidence. Her sister said of her: "Charlene is a pathological liar, would lie readily to get out of trouble ever since she was a kid."

During the examination of one of the vehicles involved in the case a vital piece of evidence was located. The outstanding problem for the police and prosecution was that it was found in John Murray's Chevrolet following the discovery of his body.

Hanging from the vent hatch in the roof was a sliver of human scalp with strands of blonde hair attached. It was approximately two inches in length and dehydrated, probably detached from the head as a result of a gunshot blast. As most of the victims had

been blonde it would seem evident that at least one murder had occurred in the Chevrolet. This, of course, would indicate Murray as a perpetrator as Clark claimed all along.

The State, however, desperately needed to accuse and convict Clark. After all Murray was dead and if he really was the 'Sunset Slayer' then the crimes had been allowed to run their course. This would not reflect well on the police departments. The tissue was taken away and no tests were carried out to determine its origin. Clark was also refused the right to submit it as evidence during trial.

#### TRIAL

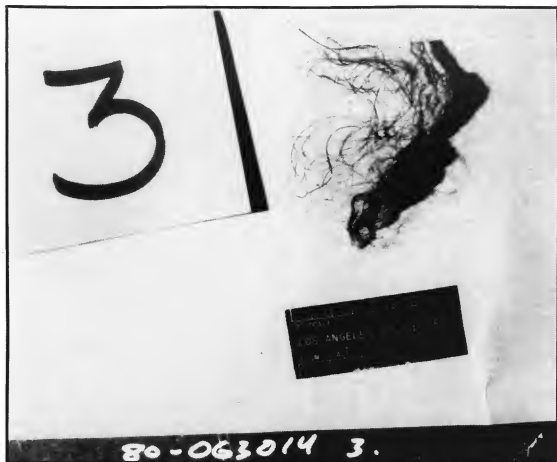
*There is widespread concern about the quality of legal representation given to defendants accused of capital crimes. Many are assigned court-appointed or legal-aid lawyers who are frequently inexperienced, ill-equipped to handle such cases and severely limited in their resources.*

WHEN THE STATE KILLS  
Amnesty International

Such was the case for Douglas Clark whose court-appointed lawyer opened the proceedings claiming his client was guilty but insane and should therefore be given a lenient sentence. The judge had to remind him that this was the first phase of the trial where they discover who committed the crimes. Any suggestion of sentence is left for the penalty phase.

Clark says "He simply walked into court, tried to say the defence would not put on any defence, and try to coax the jury not to impose the death sentence for the crimes. Basically the case was over before trial began. The first day of formal trial my lawyer dared to claim he had not spoken to me in weeks. Yet jail logs and his bills to the court say he was with me for several hour-long visits right before this. He said he wished to change my plea from not guilty to N.G.I. (not guilty by reasons of insanity). The judge had to ask him if I approved. He said he had not asked me because he knew I would not allow this change. Then the judge had to tell him what every 1st year law student knows: In this state and nation no lawyer can do this without signed and informed permission of his client."

His lawyer had been recently declared bankrupt and had appeared in court himself. A claim had been made against him for legal malpractice and theft of client's funds. As a result he had turned to heavy drinking and testified he was an out of control drunk. "He swore under oath in court he was an out of control alcoholic and so distracted by his bankruptcy that he paid little or no attention to the case. Family, friends,



*The scalp found in Murray's van*

witnesses for the D.A., all say they saw him downing drinks, doubles usually, during early hours before court. The bailiff complained of his alcohol fumes at 10am in the morning sessions."

As the trial progressed Clark became increasingly aware of his lawyers incompetence and requested that he be allowed to legally represent himself. "He fell asleep several times while I was on the stand being cross-examined by the prosecutor so I had to tell him to wake up or inject the legal objections to lines of questions the court had ruled inadmissible. The D.A. saw he was asleep and tried to slide it past him. It worked, the court said I could not object, only my lawyer could and he was asleep."

It began to become clear that the State was determined to get a conviction in this case. Clark was aware of it and would occasionally burst out with angry rants and accusations. On one occasion he was literally

manacled then lashed into a chair and gagged with a leather strap and sanitary towel. On other occasions he was escorted from the courtroom and locked in a small holding-room. The room was equipped with an interconnecting speaker so he could listen to the proceedings and his right to live ebb away.

In mid-trial the judge bowed to Clark's insistence and allowed him to represent himself. Despite it being exactly what Clark wanted things didn't improve. "When I took over I was denied co-counsel, advisory counsel and a law clerk. Judge Torres said the law says you have to go it alone. The law says no such thing, he was required to hire competent counsel who would prepare for trial. He did nothing and kept harassing me severely throughout trial." Clark was still intent on proving it was Bundy and Murray who committed the crimes. He gave the judge a list of items he required as evidence including things found in Murray's van. These

included sex-toys, home made videos (Bundy had bought a video camera for Murray and it was suspected they may have been recording the crimes to produce private porn/snuff movies) and the most damning piece of evidence in the whole trial, the hair and scalp. The judge blocked all the items. Clark was astonished, "At the bench, on record, I said if we had a colour movie with sound of Carol and Jack committing these murders you would not let us bring it in. He smirked and said, you are right. He refused to let us test the hair and scalp, the Datsun seats and other evidence saying it was too late, trial had begun."

At one stage during trial Clark required a witness to appear in his defence. Throughout the night of June 26th when Exxie Wilson's head had been dropped in the street Clark had been out with friends partying with a go-go dancer who was shortly returning to her home in New Zealand. He had written her a cheque on that night, "It was her bon voyage party and said so on the cheque" and bank records showed it had been cashed the following day.

The girl offered to come to trial if her air fare would be paid as she couldn't afford it herself. Clark asked for funds to cover the costs. "Any attorney can fly in scores of witnesses. The D.A. got several, including a totally unwarranted FBI man from Virginia just to say a boot print was my boot which I stipulated to all along. He spent over \$10,000 on travel for his witnesses. I got \$20 in dimes, once, for the phone. That was the entire defence funding for my efforts." Clark, now denied the opportunity of bringing in the witness, requested that she be able to testify by telephone. This is a legal procedure if the witness is identified and sworn in at a local court. As was becoming all too frequent this request was also denied.

After the discovery of Exxie Wilson's severed head, and the clothing it was wrapped in, police made efforts to identify the jeans and tee-shirt. Detective Mike Stallcup of the Los Angeles Police Department, who was working on the Marnette Comer homicide contacted the Sacramento Police Department. Stallcup required contact with associates of Marnette such as co-hookers and pimps, he also wanted to interview Marnette's sister Sabra Comer also a prostitute. What follows is the details of that original interview dated 9th August, 1980, 1600 hrs. The report was handwritten by Stallcup. Items in square brackets are my own. Surnames of certain individuals have been dropped.

Wit [witness - Sabra Comer] is older sister of vict. [victim - Marnette Comer]

Wit would work the street with vict. Wit knew that vict worked for a pimp named Mark B.

she had worked for him for 2yrs. Another girl named "Patches" also worked for Mark as did Carol B., vict & her associates travelled widely including L.A.; S.F. Wash D.C.; Vancouver; Calgary B.C; Vegas,

Wit last saw vict on/around May 21, 80, vict's Birthday. - wit had been in area (Anaheim) for approx 2wks. Wit was working on her own. Wit left area for Sacramento on or about May 23/24, 80 - used name Evonne Graham. DOB 4/1/61. Wit never heard from vict again.

Vict did mention that she was leaving Mark that she was tired of him. She didn't mention fear.

Wit states that approx May 30th/80 she returned to Anaheim & Mark & "Patches". Vict had split. Mark thought that vict had left him. Wit stayed in Anaheim till the second week of June during which time vict was not seen or heard from. "Patches" mentioned she thought something had happened to vict. "I know she's dead." Patches had heard of recent killings.

There was another girl named "Tony" Wilson f/o [female caucasian] 19yrs - blond - blun - thin bld - 5' 7" freckles, natl blond hair. "T" was her pimp - I saw Tony wearing a T-shirt pink in colour with the words Daddy's Girl on the front. Wit I.D photo of Daddy's Girl T-shirt.

Tony & "T" were workers the Anaheim area.

Wit believes "Patches" has gone to

Wit thinks that approx May 30th/80  
she returned to Anaheim & Mark &  
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on the front. Wit I.D photo of  
Daddy's Girl T-shirt.  
Tony & "T" were workers the Anaheim area.

Wit believes "Patches" has gone to  
Anaheim & Mark & "Patches".

Wit states  
Mark thinks that vict split with one of  
her rich tricks "Terry" f/o 19yrs.  
Vict would frequently pull parties  
th 2 girls - 1 guy, for salary.

Stallcup's original report



Q: Have you ever seen her since May 21, 1980?

A: No.

Q: Thank you. No further questions.

Comer had now sworn under oath that not only did the shirt belong to her sister but that she also saw her wearing it the last time they met.

The alterations of the Stallcup reports were picked up on by the defence but the judge refused to mark it as evidence.

Stallcup: ...I had one homicide that I had the entire investigation on. That was for Marnette Comer.

Question: At any time during that investigation did you falsify any witnesses statements?

Answer: Never.

Q: You have never done that?

A: I have never done that.

Q: When you take notes of an interview and later caused them to be typed up, are they usually verbatim from your notes, the typing portion?

A: Depends.

Q: Would you ever take a statement and turn it around one hundred eighty degrees between the time you took the notes and the time you typed it up?

A: No. I would put myself in a very bad spot of jeopardy there. The crime for doing such...something like that, if it ended up to be a capital case, I would be under the same problem that you have got sitting right over there.

Q: What you are telling us is that for a police officer to falsify evidence, to commit perjury on a capital case offence, is a capital offence, is that correct?

A: That is correct.

Q: Referring to Sabra Comer, you interviewed her, didn't you?

A: Either myself or my partner did.

Q: 7/9/80, 1800 hours?

A: I did an investigation with her in Sacramento. I don't recall the date.

Q: You took written notes?

A: Pardon me?

Q: You initialled them R.M.S?

A: I probably did.

Q: And she told you, in effect...this is offered for another cause here...did she tell you...in your typewritten form, are these the words she told you:

"I've seen my sister wearing a white, long-sleeve sweater, V-neck. She also wore T-shirt, pink with lettering 'Daddy's Girl', on the front. Witness shown picture of recovered T-shirt, and she identified it as probably same worn by victim?" Do you recall that?

A: I recall something to that effect, yes.

Q: And that typewritten page is dated 7/9/80, 1800 hours, just like your notes are, aren't they?

A: I don't know.

Q: Let's put it this way:

If your name appears on a typewritten form at 7/9/80, that's 7...July 9th, '80, 1800 hours, and your name appears on handwritten notes of the exact interview more or less...

A: Should be the same.



Clark during trial

Q: ...should be the same. Do you recall her telling you during that interview in your handwritten notes,

"There was another girl named Toni Wilson, female caucasian, 10 years, blond, blue..." meaning blond and blue eyes, I assume, "thin built, five-foot-seven, freckles, natural blond hair, initial T was her pimp. I saw Toni wearing a T-shirt, pink in colour, with words 'Daddy's Girl' on the front. Witness I.D.'d photo of 'Daddy's Girl' on T-shirt. Toni and I were working..." and she told you that Toni was wearing the T-shirt and you typed it up as Marnette was wearing the T-shirt?

A: No.

Q: Would you like to look at it?

A: I can look at it all you want. Bring it up here and let me look at it. That is not what she told me.

Q: I'd like you to compare those, see if they are accurate.

The Court: Wouldn't do you any good Mr. Clark. He's told you...

Q: I know what he's told me your Honour.

The Court: You can sit down with your paper Miss Sarkis.

Q: I'd like to mark this.

The Court: We are not going to mark it. Let's proceed.

Q: I'd like that in evidence as next order.

The Court: It is not going to be marked.

Despite the fact that Marnette Comer had been linked to the case by ballistic evidence the defence was attempting to show that detectives were falsifying evidence in order to secure a conviction against Clark. If a police officer is found to be altering evidence in a capital case and is successfully prosecuted he too would be eligible for execution. The LAPD, however, are renowned for their Code of Silence and immunity to prosecution.

This became international news in the case of Rodney King who was severely assaulted by the very same police force for a driving violation. The credibility of the whole US justice system was thrown out the window when the violators were found not guilty despite the videotaped evidence.

A similar event to Clark's occurred in the recent case of Roger Coleman. He too continually professed his innocence of rape and murder. When his defence submitted

proof of his innocence for a retrial it was deemed too late. However Coleman was given the benefit of the doubt and offered a polygraph test a few hours prior to his execution. The test, which simply detects any slight heart rate increase or sweat secretion when the vital question is asked was unsurprisingly failed by Coleman. The State escorted him to the electric chair on May 21st 1992. Like Clark he had alibis, witnesses and evidence suggesting he hadn't committed the crime. Furthermore, a woman claimed another man had confessed to her that he had committed the murder. This witness was found dead on the day following her live on-air statement. Also in this case the State offered a fellow inmate freedom if he would claim Coleman told him he committed the crime. He talked, walked and Coleman died.

#### SUMMARY

Douglas Clark was found guilty on six counts of first degree murder and the attempted murder of Charlene Anderman. He was sentenced to death.

Carol Bundy was found guilty on two counts of first degree murder, that of John Murray and Cathy (Jane Doe 28). She was sentenced to two terms of life imprisonment.

The killings began when Clark stopped cohabiting with Bundy. They ceased when he moved back in with her and temporarily re-occurred when Clark left for his brother's wedding according to Bundy's admission of the killing of Jane Doe 18. Only after Murray was executed did Bundy involve Clark in the killings.

Clark had alibis and witnesses for all the times of the crimes except one.

The weapons and vehicles associated with the crimes belonged to Carol Bundy and John Murray.

The police drew statements from witnesses and allowed them to be altered to bypass alibis and incriminate Clark.

Most of the prosecution witnesses had criminal records and therefore leverage for the police to coerce the required testimony from them.

The judge refused to allow the jury to hear recorded testimony of Bundy confessing her involvement and pleasure in the murders.

John Murray's van was returned to his wife before trial began thus denying the defence any opportunity to examine the interior.

The State Attorney General Dep. admitted that Bundy had been given a deal to testify against Clark.

Bundy will be eligible for parole around 1996 by which time Clark may well have suffered the horror of San Quentin's gas chamber.

# THE TRANSGRESSIONS OF CINEMA **BLEED** BY NICK ZEDD

Vic Stanley

The Cinema of Transgression first emerged out of the dungeons of NYC at roughly the same time as the first wave of punk rock, and stylistically the two forms of outraged, anti-artistic expression were quite similar. Technical skill and subtlety were forsaken in lieu of a venting of rage and frustration in both musical and cinematic terms. Both of these movements were eventually diluted beyond recognition due to personal manias, philosophical fragmentation, mainstream overexposure and the willingness of most of the participants to allow it to happen.

In these post-Cinema of Transgression days, New York underground filmmaker Nick Zedd is an outcast among outcasts. Some of his former colleagues have become exactly what this movement was supposedly rebelling against years ago, just as the hippies before them became politicians and junk bond dealers. If nothing else, Zedd has remained true to the anarchic ideals that some of his peers have arguably forsaken in the name of funding, lucrative distribution deals and 'mainstream' acceptance. Although this is not necessarily a bad career move, it is one that Zedd has apparently chosen to resist. He is unwilling or unable to compromise, and he remains ever belligerent and confrontational against those who have betrayed him or even disagreed with him in the past. He considers them sellouts, while they perceive him as an artistic failure, and maintain that his greatest talents lie not in filmmaking, but in the aforementioned art of self-promotion. Still others who know him claim that Zedd is quite amiable when not in character, although relatively few have access to this private side of his psyche. We know only what Zedd allows us to know. That is the crux of his new 'unauthorized' autobiography **BLEED**. My personally autographed copy arrived with a cryptic message from the author. It stated 'Never believe everything you read.' Although this was in direct reference to the writings of an antagonistic third party, these words

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haunted me as I perused much of what followed. Zedd's autobiography could just have easily been entitled 'Welcome to my Nightmare'. It is the rambling, stream of consciousness diary of a hallucinatory world of manic depression, suicide, insanity, nihilism, drug addiction and all forms of psycho-sexual depravity - the suffering artist syndrome taken to the ultimate



extreme, although it is in no way self pitying. Zedd is a man whose sole destiny is to explore and exploit the cinematic merits of sociopathic anarchy as a logical reaction against governmental and cultural oppression. His career is chronicled in a series of seemingly disjointed, anecdotal episodes with the only constant being wretched, hedonistic excess and misery, perpetuated for the sake of his 'art' (a term which he despises). His personal and professional view of the human condition is bleak indeed, but this outlook occasionally translates into some of his best work such as *THRUST IN ME*, which was inspired

by his suicidal tendencies at the time.

Despite all the oppressive negativity encountered in his day to day tribulations, one can't help but take note of Zedd's underlying bellicose wit. Many of his netherworldly exploits, sexual and otherwise, involve a myriad of his female co-stars, including Donna Deane, Cassandra Stark, the manipulative psychic vampire Lydia Lunch, and the certifiably insane Lung Leg. He pulls no punches in revealing that in many instances these personal relationships were conceived more out of convenience or necessity (ie. starvation, poverty and homelessness) than actual affection; a fact that all parties involved acknowledged with a resigned cynicism. He has stated as much at various media symposiums when asked about the proper methods of funding film projects. While his fellow filmmakers on these panels speak of the importance of soliciting major studio support, seeking financial backing and kissing ass in general; Zedd suggests finding a willing female, moving in with her, and exploiting her to the max in sexual and financial terms. Mutual and communal exploitation is a pervasive aspect of his life and he seems to have accepted this fact with a wry detachment. In order to sin well, one must first eat - literally and figuratively. It is sometimes necessary and always desirable for someone else to pick up the check, whether it be a naive female admirer or an even more naive NEA.

Although his films are by no means financial successes, Zedd has parleyed his efforts into a reputation of international renown, and is a much bigger cult icon in Europe than he is in the US. But how much of this 'Counterculture Martyr' persona is real and how much is merely contrived public image? Does Nick Zedd exist solely to create his films, or are the films merely a vehicle to promote the public persona of Nick Zedd? The truth is that it is a symbiotic relationship. Much to the chagrin of purists, there is a necessary show business aspect to all 'art', which Zedd understands and reluctantly accepts, but not to the point of what he considers 'selling out'.

My own infrequent communications with him have shown him to be cooperative, suspicious, generous, intimidating, humorous, proud and unforgiving; sometimes all within the body of a single letter. He is a very complex and intelligent person whose vision is translated into increasingly stark, angular, simplistic and humourless images on film; although his next cinematic project *WAR IS MENSTRUAL ENVY* could very well become his definitive, epic work. The parties whom I successfully contacted for this piece, and another project in progress, were either unwilling or unable to provide very little additional insight into the mystique of Nick Zedd, who remains an enigma, albeit a fairly well defined and high profile one.

I have absolutely no idea what Nick will think of this review, if that is what it is. There is not much in this wretched world which makes him truly happy, so I will not take it personally if he is displeased.



Perhaps I should even take his displeasure as an offhand compliment. In any event, BLEED makes for entertaining, if not frightening reading and would of be great interest to anyone who reads this magazine. Although I do not really know him personally, I admire his determination and singlemindedness. The collective works of Nick Zedd will always be the first to come to mind when somebody mentions the NYC underground film movements to me. In the dichotomous world of 'Bad equals Good', Zedd is one of the best.

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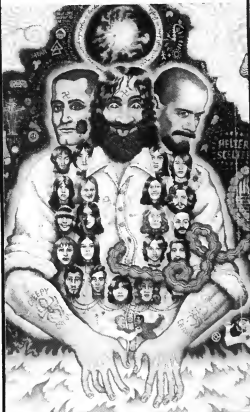
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## - COMPETITION -

### CHARLES MANSON, SUPERSTAR



ReVISION VIDEO have kindly supplied us with 10 copies of this remarkable documentary. To secure yourself a copy simply answer the following questions. Winners will be drawn after the closing date.

1. During 1968, the Manson Family settled in two ranches outside Los Angeles. Name one of them.
2. On which Beatles album would you find 'Helter Skelter' & 'Piggies'?
3. Who was the US President at the time of Manson's final arrest?

Answers should be sent to the HEADPRESS address and must arrive no later than November 30th '92.

# BABY BOO-BOO GOES TO HAPPYTOWN

Wheezer McTeague

Okay, let's face the facts: everyone secretly loves the idea (to say nothing of the stark reality) of taking that rocket to Uranus...I know I speak for every red-blooded male reader when I say that there's nary a one of us can resist a dip into that particular well of pleasure once the opportunity presents itself...So why beat about the bush (ahem), why not just admit it? You know you'll feel a whole lot better once you 'get it off your chest'...

I'm not sure when the 'awful spectre of sodomy' (to quote Hunter S. Thompson - I've always liked to personalize 'The Awful Spectre' as a wandering pervert cruising seaside resorts, pouncing on unsuspecting beach bunnies, turning them over for a swift and uncompromising dry-humping without even the benefit of sun lotion lubrication) reared its ugly head and began to impinge upon my consciousness full-time. An example of my early teen naivety was when someone gave me an anthology of beat writing which featured a bowdlerised version of Ginsberg's turgid HOWL with the line "\*\*\*\*\* in the \*\*\* by saintly motorcyclists". I spent hours puzzling over what that three letter word could be, and it wasn't until a couple of years later when I procured the City Lights edition of HOWL that it hit me like a bolt from the blue. Fucked in the ass! Unbelievable! Who'd have thunk it, etc etc... It wasn't long before I was submerged in the twilight milieu of 'weird' writings where the prospect of someone's buttohole being used for something other than taking a dump became commonplace (Thompson's aforementioned FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS, the classic 'heroin suppository' climax to Farina's BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME, the "Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan" chapter from Ballard's THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION and countless others). But the 'reality' (or perhaps the commonplace nature) of it all only came home to me when I was working in a hospital 'up north' after dropping out of university. The 'lads' I worked with had a 'healthy' attitude to sex (drink enough and it's possible to fuck anything - I purposely avoid appending 'that

moves' or 'on two legs' because there were enough tales about exactly what did get fucked that the publishers of a family magazine such as this could probably grow old sewing mailbags [not to mention learning to love the subject of this article] were I to relate them...) and some were repositories for 'certain' types of 'knowledge' that they would magnanimously share...Mr S, one of the more 'active' 'members' of our circle had numerous tales to tell of 'Pleasure Bent', a virtually retarded nymphomaniac nursing assistant who, of course, lived only for sex (with as many men at a time as possible, obviously). Given to bellowing like a rutting bull elephant in the course of her 'normal' conversation (not that I ever heard much evidence of her being capable of 'normal' conversation, but neither was I 'raped' by her as virtually all the other 'lads' claimed to have been...) Pleasure Bent apparently let out such horrendous honks & hoots while being reamed that it was frequently necessary to 'silence' her to prevent unwanted intrusions by persons fearing she was starring in a snuff movie...In spite of being the butt (ahem) of a million squalid jokes and anecdotes, hers seem to have been the most oft-visited ports of call in the entire health service... Anyway, when two of the 'lads' had drunk their usual 59 pints (each) (I seem to dimly recall that some sort of piss orgy formed part of this yarn, but sadly the details escape me...) and were in the process of exploring all the available orifices of Pleasure Bent, she let out a yelp as Mr S began to add the top slice of a sandwich job. Mr S was about to begin a tirade at this rejection when Pleasure Bent finally managed to yowl out the instruction to use some lubrication to facilitate the process...Mr S staggered into the kitchen (all the while jerking himself off lest he have to go through the hassle of getting a hard-on again...) and scooped out a handful of congealed fat from the chip pan...

I'm pretty convinced that most of the 'lads' (at least those who were interested in living humans for sexual purposes) were easily as obsessed with arses as they were the other bits. In fact, I'm certain that other anatomical aspects were looked upon with about as much interest as any 'normal' person might consider the colour of ear hair in a wino who's just thrown up on them. Anyway, there was one unforgettable piece of advice from Mr H which ran thusly: "Never mind all that bugging about with clits; if you really want to get 'er going stick your finger up 'er arse while you're shagging 'er and watch 'er wriggle - they fookin' love it!" Solomon himself would have found it hard to compete with such wisdom...

Some people have all the luck where bum banditry is concerned. Not me. I always seemed to have the knack of taking up with an ex-whore exactly when she'd decided to go

'straight' and wouldn't 'allow' anything more outrageous than a twin-fisted gynaecological examination... Said ex-whores also have a habit of telling you all their past fuckeries like someone else would relate a shopping trip ("and then I lived with Martin who always beat me with a pickled bull's pizzle before he'd force me to make it with his Grandma so I left him then David used to lock me in the back of his van and charge the combined membership of the Old Boys Cricket, Rugby and Football Glee Club ha'pence each and make me squeeze their testicular tumours" etc etc...). Maybe I'm sensitive (ahem) or something, but I've never quite figured out what these endless tales are supposed to achieve. You lie there in bed (smoking, obviously, even if you don't smoke...), listening to the accumulation of years worth of carnal atrocities and thinking "Huh?" Anyone less dumb than me would be out of there in record time, because it signals one of two things: either you have been chosen to make a decent woman out of her and get married, very soon, or the bitch is bananas and is about to hack off your weenie. Or you could be really lucky and it could be a combination of both, which was certainly the way my life was heading at the time... Either way it's time to split if neither region nirvana is not forthcoming... Uh, where was I? In an attempt to avoid the inevitable, one particular witch tried to beg off buggery with the sad story of once having awakened of a morning with a sore 'bottom', the result of allegedly having been sodomised in her sleep (!) by the gorilla she was living with! Pshaw, merely an aberration, I tried to convince her, but she'd have nothing of it. Gorilla features (he was a 20 stone cook who 'regularly' - make that 'always' - jerked off [or shat, I forget which...] into the canteen gravy [or custard, I forget which...]) had ruined my prospective bliss. In retrospect I feel I was fed a line there - I mean, what happened that morning? How did the 'conversation' go...? "Hey, Gorilla Features, why does my fuckin' butt ache so bad today?" "Well, darling, it was like this..." or "Ug, we have had confession to make..." Sure.

Another of my darlings claimed it was "too much like having a shit" and nixed any further anal escapades. You can't help but think there's something wrong with people who come out with such excuses. What's wrong with them? Is this where women's lib is leading (has led us)? To a sodomy-less society? Jesus, you can even go to the Big House for a simple anal intrusion in some places! Not in Germany, of course, where you'd probably get your face on a 100 Mark note if you sodomised enough hapless losers. There they produce such useful fodder as NEUE ARSCHLOCK (or words to that effect) magazine and CHAOS PERVERS, EXCESSE DE SADE & LADIES ANAL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS (or whatever the hell it's called) videos.

When our friend 'A' (or was it 'B', I forget) from the SCUM issue first fell in love, he informed me that they (he and his wife-to-be) were engaged in "rigorous anal training" (not his, unfortunately). In one of our more candid sessions he went on, "I can't find anything she doesn't like - even when I fuck her up the ass and fist-fuck her in the cunt at the same time. I say "Surely that must be uncomfortable?" but she says, "No, I fucking love it!" After you've spent a couple of days on black bombers, smoking pounds of dope, watching a video with someone shoving 13 candles up their butt (and probably rewound it several times to 'make sure') in order to win some sort of title (at least that's what I think LADIES ANAL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP was all about) then hearing claims like A's (or B's...) don't produce more than a stifled yawn...

But what about the great Mr C, an expatriot Iranian, who related a series of agonising episodes from his childhood, including one of particular interest to us. Apparently way out east it's serious news for girls to lose their virginity before marriage (and anyone who's had the misfortune of sitting through MONDO MAGIC will testify to the excruciating experience the 'suspect' female is subjected to). So the likely lads and lasses requiring relief have figured out a novel solution to the problem, which poses a sensible alternative to the tedious western tradition of 'heavy petting' and back-seat hand-jobs... Figured it out yet? Well, what did you expect, a fake replacement hymen? Anyway, Mr C confessed that the prospect of this joyful conjoining got him so hot and bothered that he was rarely able to even get as far as consummating the act, instead falling victim to a syndrome now identified (largely by me) as 'Orgasm Before Sodomy'... Watching the poor fool squirm as he mumbled out his sorry story was simultaneously fascinating and unnerving, a glimpse not only into someone's personal hell but into a world where anal intrusion is actually 'necessary' besides 'fun'...

It's 'funny' how many of these anecdotes date from the '80s, specifically the early '80s, when the west was solidly in the grip of the Reagan/Thatcher reign of terror, a period of such profound anality that it may be decades before its real effects on the world's anus can be evaluated. Certainly in the short term it drove millions of blockheads to seek solace in sodomy, the only true sexual expression available in that bleak period. Admittedly we're nowhere near the end of 'The Anal Years' by any means but at least the period of bending over for Queen Maggie's strap-on have been replaced by watching the rest of the world stuff it up John 'Catamite' Major's puckered little ass... Some consolation, eh kids?



apologies to Kurt Vonnegut

# MORBID CURIOSITIES?

David Kerekes

A hefty tome caught my eye in the corner of a second-hand bookshop, recently. On the floor, propped against the wall, was *THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH*. I had to contain myself from whooping out loud and clawing madly for the thing. It was like meeting an old friend whom I hadn't seen for years: the face was no longer familiar, but I knew it all the same. And for a split second the year was 1979 and I was just out of school again, on my second visit to the newsagent to leaf through the strange book I had chanced upon a week earlier. The book was a hardbacked 200 page affair, full of - it seemed - photographs of horrible deaths. On my return visit, however, the book was gone.

As a result, *THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH* (though I paid no heed to the title at the time) was to acquire a certain mythical status with me. For years I was to wax lyrical about this 'book of death' with the grotesque illustrations that had so fired my imagination and had subsequently vanished from the face of the earth. I became aware that just the one brief exposure to this volume had left my then impressionable mind indelibly etched with its more noxious pictures for life. I came to realize that this book was the source for so many disparate images that have plagued me constantly over the years.

Yet, no one else seemed to have even heard of such a book, let alone seen it. Neither was I to come across mention of it - or rather, anything that sounded like it - in any catalogue or reference work. Despite all this, I grew up positive that the 'book of death' wasn't the figment of some overblown teenage imagination. No, a hazy recollection of the guy whose scalp was a patchwork of flayed tissue and exposed bone after a fall head-first onto a wire doormat, or the victim of ritual suicide for whom *hara-kiri* left trailing a pool of blood and intestine, served as proof enough for that. Twelve years on, a copy of *THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH* in a second-hand bookshop thrusts those grotesque images once again into my hands...

In the psychoanalytical exploration of 1966, *SEXUAL ANOMALIES AND PERVERSIONS*, under the

chapter headed "Physical Masochism", Prof. Dr Magnus Hirschfeld addresses his study of the actual consumption of excreta with the line: "Anilinctus is the first step in genuine coprolagnia." (A footnote determines that in translation, 'anilinctus' reads *Kiss my arse!*) Standard in scientific forays such as this is the 'case study' of a subject, a clinical illustration in which the author can swing his theories and diagnosis. However, with "Physical Masochism" professional objectivity takes a back seat as Hirschfeld stumbles over his own heated sensibilities and halts one case history part-way, dismissing it with: "...Here follow verbose phantasies on cunnilinctus and anilinctus which cannot be reproduced even in a scientific work".

What shape do these "verbose phantasies" take? We need to know. In his omission Hirschfeld has not only rendered the study quite meaningless (what is there to study?), but it is now no longer scientific.

The filthy, sun-streaked pile of True Crime paperbacks rises up to the ceiling. The second pile falls short - just. From within the sensationalist covers of each and every book, the stale odours of pulp and ink emanate. Why, the paper is so fucking cheap it has knots in it. Strained creases in the spine acknowledge those volumes that devote a middle spread to photographs. The deeper the crease, the more lurid the photos.

Most everyone is attracted to that which repels them. Repulsion is a fascination - a confirmation and measure of one's own sanity. It may be a "morbidity", as some will have it, to look at images of death, but it's a curiosity which the majority of individuals share. It may be dismissed as an "endearing lapse of taste" to want to stop and take a peek at the proverbial roadside accident, but can something which is as thoroughly absorbed and intrinsic to everyday living as death be classed as a "lapse"?

Death is where it's at. It's all around. We live death. Breathe death (for the breath of life is the ultimate testimony to mortality). Tibetan Buddhism has it that one

is desirously attracted to one's future birthplace, even if it is to be a hell. Does death last longer than life? Is there an intermediary between the two? Where's Purgatory? Maybe death is our alter ego? Maybe the dead question life like we do death? Maybe there is nothing more after life? Maybe the world stops when I die...

The sight of the dead intimidates the living. Such is its fascination.

Inspired by the recent unearthing of the now legendary THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND DEATH, and the somewhat self-defeating presentations of Prof. Dr Magnus Hirschfeld, this essay is a celebration of like-minded, supposedly earnest, studies. The works that follow are similar in that they are all picture books of death. What's more, they are picture books of death aimed at a mass market. No matter how academic their presentation or 'upstanding' they might purport to be, this coupling of 'death' with 'general public' relegates each book to no more authoritative a position than that of freakshow attraction or, indeed, the roadside accident.

Some of these works claim their lurid photo presentations be in support of a 'message'; at least one of the books claims artistic persuasion. It doesn't matter. A contention exists in all of them, between what they say and how they say it. Between what they show and what is seen.

These books were never intended for any specialized market: not for students of forensic medicine for whom the most appalling sights are commonplace in medical text books, not for the True Crime readership for whom heinous illustrations inhabit countless pulp paperbacks. No, the following were all designated for 'a mass audience'. And that's just it. How can these books conceivably attain a general readership when their very subject matter relegates them to the morbidly curious?

Each of the following works, like Hirschfeld's SEXUAL ANOMALIES AND PERVERSIONS, is in some way 'self-defeating', no longer 'scientific'. Pages are blocked by their own content, of death and dying, of pain and suffering, of intimidation and loss.

"It is discouraging not to have advice and companionship" said Charlotte Perkins Gilman in 1892. We need reassurance in the face of adversity, and there is nothing more adverse than the face of the dead and the dying. Nothing makes less sense than those who are suddenly silent, suddenly cold and unwelcoming, than those who were once living, crossing the Great Divide. Where does it suddenly go, the companionship? Why go so cold those once warm hands?

"The purpose of this book", opens COVENANTS WITH DEATH, a 1934 Daily Express Publication, "is to reveal the horror, suffering and essential bestiality of modern war..."

## COVENANTS WITH DEATH

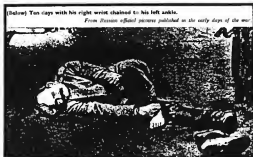
Edited by T.A. JINNES & IVOR CASTLE

*"We have made a covenant with Death, and with Hell are we at agreement."*

*Isaiah LIV-13.*

*The purpose of this book is to tell of the horror, suffering and essential bestiality of modern war, and with that revelation, to warn the nation against the peril of foreign entanglements that must lead Britain to a new Armageddon — All the pictures are taken from authentic*

A selection of news photographs makes up this volume, scenes running from 1914 and the last days of peace, right through to 1934 and war veterans attending the Not Forgotten Association's party for ex-Servicemen (I'll bet old George Foster, crippled and bent double, had himself a ball). Later, scenes such as the corpse lying twisted at the mouth of a tunnel, debris spread all around, take on a surreal edge when the caption below reads: "Underneath The Arches". Another spread, in which the ruptured frame of a guitar sits amid dead soldiers, is captioned: "Broken Melody". Another, of a military convoy advancing through countryside toward a village under siege, is titled: "A Lane In Springtime". Other single-word headers fail to levitate surreal connotations.



(Below) Tom Cays with his right wrist chained to his left ankle. From previous official pictures published in the early days of the war.

"Landscape", for instance, is an aerial shot of - well, nothing really, pools of water and dirt.

A special section at the back of COVENANTS WITH DEATH is sealed, an officious red star binding shut several pages. A notice beginning "Man's Inhumanity To Man" reasons that, of the sealed pages, "Highly strung and sensitive persons may wish to pass over them." Of course, no one in their right-mind would think twice about passing over such an invitation. And -pop- there goes the seal.

In a work whose sole concern is to reveal the horror and suffering of war, it seems strange to hide away certain other 'inhumanities' under such a disclaimer. Although the 'hidden' illustrations may not, at first glance, appear any more volatile than those that have gone freely before, they are different. The difference is that many of these illustrations stare right back at the reader with the emotionally-charged faces of *real* people, eyes drawn and empty, not cadavers torn and flailing, adding an all too human dimension to the scenes. A reader affinity. Here the dead are men and women in civilian clothes, suits and dresses. Here they are children, baby-faced innocents caught within death's dreaming. These folk aren't soldiers. They aren't the war-torn dead of troops in combat. They are life's pathetic, frail conscripts.

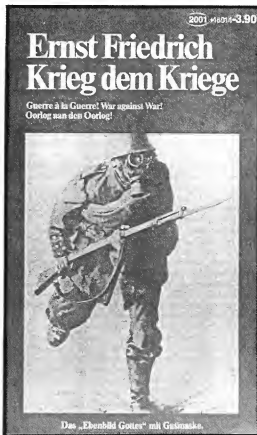


Earlier in the book, in pages devoted to the 'Battalions of Death' - soldier girls of Russia - the semi-naked forms of women ravished and torn out of their (men's) uniforms are left dead in a common grave. Touch-up paintwork has added some semblance of clothing for the sake of modesty. Likewise, the accompanying text coyly avoids stating the obvious with the denouement that the girls have been "...cruelly wounded and

maltreated..." Is all not fair in love and war? Whose modesty is being protected - surely not that of the dead?

COVENANTS WITH DEATH follows an uneasy alliance. It covets the bitter truth in the one hand while dowsing it in a pleasant, more easily accessible dressing with the other. The bizarre captions that accompany the illustrations are unnecessary, at times (unintentionally) flippant, but they do give the proceedings a certain curious form. What's more, though COVENANTS WITH DEATH is assuredly an anti-war statement, when addressing nations other than Britain it sometimes slips into such terminology as "the enemy"

It could be interesting to speculate on where the 1934 family who owned a copy of COVENANTS... would have placed it on their bookshelf. High enough, out of reach of the children? If they took heed of "Man's Inhumanity To Man" and the warning that it "should not be put in the hands of children" they would, despite that the warning also suggests, "young folks growing up should understand..." (my emphasis).



Maybe young, impressionable minds would be better suited trying to figure the less sensitive truths of KRIEG DEM KRIEGE!. Everything about Ernst Friedrich's KRIEG DEM KRIEGE! is peculiar. Written in 1924 and reprinted many times since, KRIEG DEM KRIEGE! - or, WAR AGAINST WAR! - is so vehemently damning of the machinations of mass destruction it comes over itself as something of a threat. The text is presented in several languages, in a minimalist kindergarten style. Lines like "Mothers! That was the fate of your sons in the war: first murdered, then robbed to the skin and then left as grub for animals", serve to lull the reader into an almost playful security. As the book progresses, however, so too do the disturbing nature of the photographs. Until by the end, a genuine guttural uneasiness between text and pictures is the order.

De moordenaar  
The murderer  
Le meurtrier  
Der Mörder

De soldaat  
The soldier  
Le soldat  
Der Soldat

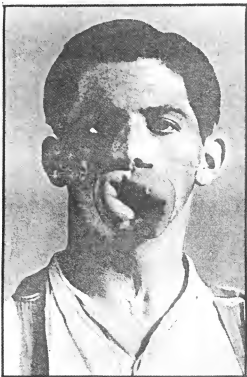


Der Unterschied?  
La difference?  
The difference?  
Het verschil?

Unlike COVENANTS WITH DEATH - which appears to have been influenced by this work - KRIEG... softens none of its blows with modesty or patriotic pride. If anything, Friedrich goes out of his way to make his work more unpleasant than it might have been. For instance, where COVENANTS... paints down any illustration it feels may be a little too untoward, this book actually emphasizes and paints in respective unpleasantness! The latter part of the book is a case in point. In a section marked "The Visage of the War", portraits of hideously disfigured battle-torn faces peer from the page. Though the actual severity of injuries can hardly be disputed, few of the faces remain 'untreated' nor their deformities 'enhanced'. Again, these unfortunate souls - with eyes, mouths, almost the whole of their faces, blown away - are depicted not in battle-field or trenches, but in civilian dress, attempting civilian

chores.

A poisonous-quill has ol' Friedrich for his choice of text is bitter. Shots of felled soldiers, lone corpses in a mud-caked landscape, are accompanied by such words as "There is no sweeter death in the world than to die fighting the enemy...(Old soldier's song)", and, "All that I am and all that I have, I owe to thee, O my country!"



It would be possible to get through this book from start to finish in one sitting (of perhaps an hour). It is a horrible introduction to futility. Here lies the 'truth' all right. Here lie the starved babies clawing at life, ransacked dead stripped of what meagre valuables they might have had while alive. Here you have the violated corpse of a 'Battalion of Death' soldier, but now trousers ripped open, legs spread apart, exposing herself for the camera. In war there is no right and wrong, only consequence. In death there is no modesty, only posterity.

Just who was Ernst Friedrich? Assuredly no less individual a character than his book would suggest. In an epilogue to KRIEG..., Friedrich makes the address "Thanks also to my Torturers!" in which he expresses gratitude toward Police and Public

Prosecutors for repeatedly having him arrested and in so doing enabling him, in the solitude of a prison cell, to come up with new and better ideas for his book. Friedrich also puts out an "Appeal to human beings in all lands" to place at his disposal more pictures and documents for future editions of KRIEG... as well as the International Anti-War Museum of which he is founder. An announcement of another book is made, CIVIL WAR AND THE INTERNATIONAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT WAR, requesting, particularly, "pictures of strikes, street fights and material concerning new weapons and methods of murder". Whatever happened to that proposition one can but wonder. Indeed, whatever happened to Ernst Friedrich and his 'Anti-War Museum'? Certainly his ideals couldn't have won him much sympathy, less so with the arrival of the Second Great War.

KRIEG DEM KRIEGE! is truly an outstanding piece of outrage. None of its impact has been lost to the passing of time. I sincerely doubt that anyone picking it up today will fail to be moved in some way by its visual content. Lord only knows what kind of repercussions it must have had on the public of 1924. Who could have published this, Friedrich's own Anti-War Museum?

"I was acquiring a knowledge." Says photographer Eugene Richards of a compulsion to stick around hospital casualty-wards, snapping pictures, long after his magazine assignment to do so was over.

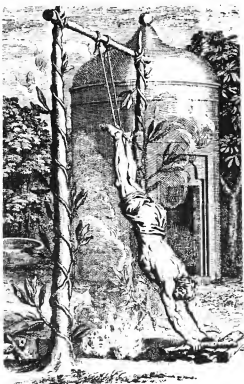
The copy of GRANTA 27: DEATH I have before me has a crease in the spine, a slight buckling of the laminate, tinged white where blue should be. I allow the book to fall open, the crease deciding the page. GRANTA, "A Paperback Magazine Of New Writing", "Britain's premier literary magazine", "The freshest international writing of this decade", falls open, not to some masterful prose, or 'writing', but to the photograph of a cadaver on an operating table, black thread stitch puckering the flesh. I turn back a page; another cadaver. And another.

Being just a smattering of Eugene Richards' photographs, this collection is titled "Emergency Room".

As you flick forward through GRANTA 27, you'll hit another series of photographs: Rudolf Schäfer's full-face portraits, "Dead Faces". All of these pictures were snapped at the Pathological Institute of the Charité - a university clinic in Berlin. Before taking the photos, Schäfer sometimes obtained the consent of relatives, sometimes not. Of the dead themselves he knew little, other than when they were born, when they died, and what they died of.

Most all of the twelve faces in these portraits are smiling (as only a corpse can). They're peaceful; serene; framed by white linen. They look like they're sleeping but

they look weird. The viewer is drawn to specific little nuances. You begin to notice how the mouths aren't properly shut and the teeth are slightly showing; how the barest white of the eyes are peering from under 'closed' eyelids; how some eyes are too tightly shut... There is something obscenely inviting about these faces. Welcoming almost. Death is a transfix; it awaits, but we can't wait.



LE MUSEE DES SUPPLICES, an over-sized 350 page volume clad in black, is a work of truly phenomenal proportions. Published in 1972 in France, LE MUSEE DES SUPPLICES ('The Torture Museum') is a tracing of every (surely there can be no more than this?) punishment, torture and execution perpetrated throughout history. What's more, comprising of woodcuts, engravings, paintings, etchings, drawings, photographs, movie stills, comicbooks, the lot, author Roland Villeneuve appears to have located every significant visual record of such dastardly deeds and reproduced them here for the delectation of you, the reader.

And should the reader suffer a lack of understanding of the French language, rest assured that it doesn't take a linguist to figure out what is happening in LE MUSEE DES SUPPLICES. Page after page of decapitation, flaying, flogging, quartering, stoning,

burning alive, burying alive, branding, gutting, crucifying, scalping, stabbing, drowning, hanging, nipple-wrenching, anus-busting, eye-gouging; if Villeneuve - very suave, himself perusing a volume in the biographical notes - hasn't got the picture, chances are the execution doesn't exist. It's that comprehensive. It's sheer volume surely elevates it to a status beyond that of mere morbid curiosity. This is a very large part of man's heritage contained here, a huge slice of the anthropological pie - therefore it's unimportant? A 'curiosity'? Would an historic encyclopedic work such as this devoted to, say, "Man - The Good Samaritan" be quite as hefty a tome? I think not.

All of which, of course, isn't to say that the brutalities exposed in LE MUSEE... help make any more 'sense' of torture and execution. There is still no satisfying comprehension to be culled as to the lengths one man will go in order that he may inflict a maximum quota of pain and suffering on his fellow man, let alone trying to contemplate what manner of man would actually sit down and exact such designs in the first place. Someone had to figure out that if you hang a guy up by one of his thumbs with a big heavy rock chained to his feet it's gonna hurt like fuck, more so than if he used *both* thumbs, or his wrists even, or a slightly smaller rock; or, that if you hold a guy down on his back with his head restrained to prevent him from turning away, and you stand above him with a mallet raised and ready to come crashing down, the best the guy can do is close his eyes.

RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT! TRUE-WEIRD magazine, is an all-too-obvious correlation of Ripley's 'facts' and figures. It's

inaugural issue was in June of 1966. Nowadays you can expect to find that first issue a hot item, exchanging hands for a lot of money. Of course, anyone trying to off-load a copy of TRUE-WEIRD #1 would be lucky to get the time of day if it wasn't for "authentic torture devices - a pictorial", a six-page spread consisting of black & white photography, access to someone's collection of Medieval torture devices(!?), a couple of attractive models, and some unseen assailant brandishing a spiked club and cat o' nine tails. Little wonder that this U.S. teen magazine is a notorious and much sought-after commodity (probably also an explanation as to why it didn't extend beyond two issues).

Using as a measure the quality of everything else in TRUE-WEIRD, one can safely assume that not a lot of cash went into commissioning the Torture Devices photo spread. The end (SM) product is cheesy and a touch conspicuous alongside the likes of "Sir Walter Scott's Mother Buried Alive!" and "The Mad Caliph of Cairo".

Of the brief descriptions accompanying each device, so too is the implication that the only victim for these things would be female - beautiful semi-naked females. Who came up with these hopelessly inadequate inscriptions? Someone from Dr Hirschfield's casebook? Whoever it was struggled admirably - if not in vain - to keep their primal, misogynistic urges in check for the last description, that of the Spiked Chair: "The victim was placed in this chair nude, the iron band locked across the chest, the wrists clamped down, the legs securely fastened, and there she would remain until she was ready to make a confession or die".

"Very few experiences can be described as

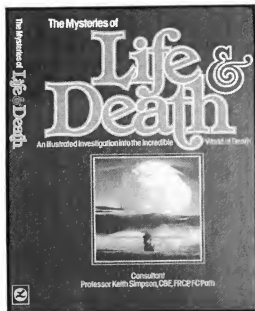


universal. Death is such an experience. It is the one event in the existence of all living organisms that occurs with absolute inevitability..."

And so we arrive at THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH, a place where "Life" doesn't enter into matters very much except to be extinguished on a regular basis and throughout the course of this book.

After I'd lunged at this volume in the second-hand book shop, swept it off the floor and stabbed my money toward whoever looked they might take it, with the book now *mine*, composure returned enough for me to question the old man drawing on a pipe behind the counter. I related the story of how I'd seen the book the one time as a schoolboy and never since - until this day. The old man drew again his smoke, nodded and reminisced how the book had been a very controversial work - he liked controversy - and that no sooner had it been published it was being withdrawn. Very few copies, he said had gotten very far before the work was trashed.

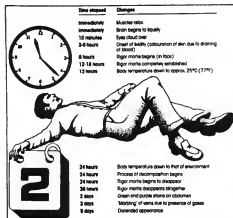
I checked the publication date: Leisure Books, 1979. No reprints.



THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH - but more so 'death' in colour - is edited by Martin Schultz, has a consultant in the eminent Prof. Keith Simpson, CBE, FRCP, FRCPath, and more authors and contributors than I care to name here (over 20). The front cover illustration is that of a mushroom cloud. The dust jacket blurb stipulates how "death can be as beautiful as it is intriguing". The foreword is accompanied by the photograph of

a passenger jet, in flames, falling from the sky. And, yes, we're on a weird trip here, folks. That we are.

Textually, a curious blending of medical fact, statistics, literature, theory, and theology, expect to find under discussion in these hallowed pages, subjects such as, "In Search of the Soul" (which asks the question 'What does it mean to talk about the soul?' while deliberating on whether the human tendency to fear death is evidence of a 'divine spark'); "Strategy of Suicide" (and 'What makes one man commit suicide while, in an equally desperate situation, another decides to go on living?'); "Death by Misadventure" (in which Man is warned that unless he learns quickly how to control the processes of his own continually developing technologies, then 'we shall be forced to accept the probability that a disaster may soon occur'), and so on.



Throughout, marginal notes and schematic diagrams run parallel to the main body of text, sometimes highlighting and further illuminating points already raised there, but more often than not simply offering an anecdotal pot pourri. With every page may be found some titbit. For instance, did you know that, of Shock Treatment, "human muscles will contract for between one and two hours after death"? Or, of torture, "like the ability to reason and the capacity to tell right from wrong, (torture) is one of the things that differentiates man from animals"? These notices, coupled with the various diagrams, charts, and tables, give LIFE & DEATH the gait of a poisonous coffee-table book.

What is one to make of a 290x240mm shot of a new-born baby found in a carrier bag in a telephone booth, nose and mouth still blocked by birth fluids, no attempt having been made to deal with the umbilical cord or afterbirth? One can but marvel at what must have been said to sway the publishers in favour of LIFE & DEATH. Why should a general

public need to see what the bloated, discoloured flesh of a flood victim looks like, or the ruptured liver and intestinal tract of a battered infant? Why would a general public need to know that?

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH is aimed at a mass market. But no such market exists.



On page 154 of THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH is a black & white photograph, a small picture, almost inconspicuous. I hadn't even noticed it until now. It's just there, out of the way of the main text, in a corner, overshadowed by some huge colour spread. Looking at the caption that accompanies the small B&W, I read: "Torture in Uruguay, 1976. A naked man, his head covered with a hood and his wrists handcuffed behind his back, is forced to sit for hours astride an edged metal bar, which is too high for him to be able to put his feet on the ground".

It's almost funny that such a book should be so alive. It is rolling like a dog through the stink of some dead animal, speaking volumes with every twist and turn. No one is spared the ugliness, not even the self-righteous and their 'morbidly curious' descent of others. Our past and futures are the fetid stink that clogs the paper that makes the pages. I have never seen the picture 'Torture in Uruguay' before, but that doesn't prevent it from existing. Neither does it exist any more now that I have seen

it. Does the power of the 'books of death' lie then within that which is not entirely seen; that which is always there, but slightly overshadowed and almost inconspicuous, hidden in a corner, prompting and prodding us onto our next encounter with death? Am I finding it or is it, the rotten carcass putrefaction, slowly but surely finding me?

Like 'Underneath the Arches' in COVENANTS WITH DEATH, 'Mothers! That was the fate of your sons' in KRIEG DEM KRIEGE!, head-pummelling in LA MUSEE DES SUPPLICES, with THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH I am exorcising from within the 'Torture in Uruguay'. These images materialize and manifest, lock into form with every word I write, for me. To each his own 'Torture in Uruguay'. Is this the end of the "disparate images that have plagued me for years", or the beginning of new ones? Is that which I am seeing now out of the corner of my eye, is that what makes me write this piece? Desirously attracting, pushing me onwards....?

Of death, the picture books themselves don't have any answers - war is war, executions are executions, mysteries remain mysteries - but in every picture of every dead and dying face, a hundred thousand possible reasons nag - the solution, the meaning of it all - forever at one's fingertips and forever just out of grasp. The sight of the dead surely must intimidate the living.

It may be a "morbid curiosity", as some will have it, to look at images of death, but it's a curiosity which the majority of individuals share. Can something which is as thoroughly absorbed and intrinsic to everyday living as death be classed in terms of "lapse" and "taste"? If curiosity was a mountain and the curious a mountaineer, it would enough to suggest, 'I climb it because it's there'. Those not climbing are those too busy shouting everyone else down.

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# HELL AIN'T NOTHING BUT HARLOW MISPELLED

Steve Green

It's one of the great cultural icons of Sixties television: an open-topped car speeding through the streets of London into an underground parking lot; it's driver's explosive confrontation with his former employers; the resignation note slamming upon the desk; his arrival home, shadowed by a hearse; tranquilizer gas flooding the building; his return to consciousness, trapped in an isolated prison camp known only as the Village.

Yes, I used to enjoy *THE PRISONER*. Back before I found myself starring in the remake, that is.

When I first got into journalism, in the distant days when it was still possible to pay income tax to a Labour government, there were two colleges to which all trainee reporters were dispatched on annual block release, one in Yorkshire, the other in Essex. Had my company preferred the former, I could no doubt regale you now with glowing tales of Sheffield's local alehouses and nightclubs; sadly, my memory is haunted instead with the phantom horrors of my residence in Harlow, probably the only town to be targeted for nuclear annihilation by both NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

It was most likely a pleasant enough location before the town planners swept across Britain during the late 1950s and endeavoured to finish what the Luftwaffe had started. Refusing to be bound by such outmoded idiocies as community and organic growth, these professional vandals erected entire towns virtually overnight; in the case of Harlow (or Harlitz, as it was disaffectionately dubbed by its journalistic inmates), this meant constructing multi-storey office blocks in the centre of open fields, rather like Stonehenge without the ley lines.

I should have guessed there was something deeply wrong when I noticed there were at least a dozen churches in the square mile around the college: Mormons, Jehovah's

Witnesses, Lutherans, Catholics, Satanists (no, you're right, I'm joking about the Jehovah's Witnesses; even they have limits). But were I to ignore the fact that living amongst a maze of concrete and dead grass was obviously sending the population screaming to the nearest altar, there remained abundant clues to Harlow's alienation in the local architecture: a massive model of the Apollo lunar module in the shopping centre (probably donated by the Erich von Daniken Fan Club), a statue opposite the local cinema representing two residents holding a sign with the word "Help" embossed upon it. At one point, one of my colleagues claimed the original plans included a vast glass dome enveloping the town centre, and I actually found myself believing her.

And just like the Village, of course, there was little chance of escape. Discovering that I needed to catch an B04 bus to get from the town centre to my digs in Latton Bush (on the south-east perimeter, about one-and-a-half miles as the crow flies, but twice that by foot) proved of no advantage, since the local bus company ran at least four services with the same number, all with different destinations; true, I actually managed to catch the correct bus one morning, but the driver promptly quit the main road and disappeared into a nearby house to have his breakfast.

Communication with the outside world was equally difficult. The telephone kiosk near my digs was built on a slant and even when you managed to force the door open and clamber inside, conducting a conversation meant screeching into a microphone dangling from the mouthpiece on umbilical wiring; meanwhile, the public telephone at the college was semi-permanently out of order and still bore a small plaque with the archaic instruction "Insert four pennies and press button A", which must have fazed anyone without a working knowledge of 1950s British cinema and set hundreds of foreign students off on a doomed quest for pre-decimal currency.

Thanks to this geographic and electronic isolation, the local gene pool was no doubt riddled with inbreeding.

During my second tour of duty, a year older but hardly wiser, I visited one of the local stores with the intention of buying my sister a jumper; hardly a Herculean feat, you might suppose, but you figured without the town's sinister influence. I'd no sooner explained my requirements to the sales assistant, a middle-aged matron in thick glasses (although I had no idea how thick at this point), than she called over to her manager "Do we have this in a larger size for this lady?" Lady? Retrieving my jaw from the carpet, I frantically replayed the soundtrack in my head and concluded she was an

expatriate Scot with a speech impediment who had obviously meant "laddie". This flimsy theory lasted only as far as the till, when she checked with her colleague that it was okay for "the lady" to pay by cheque, then was blown out of the water as I handed over my cheque guarantee card. Staring me straight in the face, she asked "Is it Miss?" I was barely able to reply "Mister" before stumbling outside to count my hormones and wonder whether the myopic moron superimposed female characteristics over every customer with a beard.

Telephone: HARLOW 29919

Closed all day Wednesday



Your old cycle taken in Part  
Exchange. No matter how old!

It's not as if I was the only inmate clued in on the horror of Harlow. One of the more poetic students had decorated a toilet wall thus: "I stand here thinking with a frown / About the shape of Harlow Town / The concrete blocks, the useless space / What idiot designed the place?"

And it wasn't me, 'onest.

Thankfully, escape wasn't impossible, despite the best efforts of local transport chiefs and highway planners (I even saw a guy parked on the main exit route once, apparently jotting down the registration numbers of cars making a break for it). Aside from temporary parole on field trips to such friendly sites as the Mildenhall USAF Base (still issuing fresh underwear following another of the accidental nuclear alerts which occurred with disquieting regularity during the autumn of 1980), I finally bid a two-fingered farewell that November and consigned the entire affair to the mental catacombs usually frequented by Freddy Krueger.

Until a recent conversation with David Kerekes, that is, when he solicited my own definition of Hell, and it all came flooding back: the concrete monoliths; the pubs with as much ambience as a polystyrene cup; the inhabitants, Romero extras to a man, the horror.

Thinking perhaps the best way to

exorcise a ghost is to confront it head-on, I unearthed the paperwork I'd left to gather dust for more than a decade, including the street plan I'd used to map my route from the college when I tired of playing roulette with the 804 bus service.

And that's when I saw it, the clue which had been ingeniously hidden in plain sight. Just below the plan itself, disguised as an ad for one of the local cycle shops, was a drawing of a penny farthing, key symbol of THE PRISONER, sported on the jacket of every Villager bar McGoonan himself, filling the screen every time his latest escape was revealed as naught but a hollow sham.

But if that part was true, then why not

[The preceding unfinished article was found on computer disk at its author's home following his disappearance in July. Police are currently investigating reports that a hearse was seen outside the house that same afternoon.]

# - COMPETITION - CORPSE FUCKING ART



The Jelinski/Buttgerieit team have three copies of their splendid documentary CORPSE FUCKING ART to give away. Hey, the sleeves have even been 'signed' by Jörg himself! All you gotta do is answer these 3 questions:

1. What is the capital of Afghanistan?
2. How many feet in a yard?
3. Who played the title role in the film THE BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ

Answers should be sent to the HEADPRESS address and must arrive no later than November 30th '92

## HEADPRESS GUIDE TO ESSENTIAL MODERN CULTURE

*It wasn't a shack & it wasn't a barracuda...*  
MORAL SENSE is a funny little A5 xerox thing. The debut issue carries interviews with Savage Pencil, Mudhoney, Urge Overkill and pieces on WACKY RACES and The Jesus Army Fellowship. The comic strip, "A Fine Day Out" (at a Trekkies - whatever the fuck they call themselves - convention) is alone worthy of one weeks wage. Send your 50p to MORAL SENSE, PO Box 265, Manchester 60.



Some may notice a change in Craig Ledbetter's EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA. Volume 2 number 5 is now standard magazine size with a full colour cover. Gone for the most part are the actual reviews of movies, replaced instead with critical features such as "Pornography vs Eroticism" and Howard Vernon and Bruno Mattei interviews. A most excellent shot of Sirpa Lane 'calming' Borowczyk's THE BEAST falls somewhere between. \$7.50 to Craig Ledbetter, PO Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325, USA. While you're there you may also care to try Craig's and Tom Weisser's digest-sized ASIAN TRASH CINEMA. Vol 1 No 2 of which features the likes of LEGEND OF THE OVER-FIEND, DEEP THROAT IN TOKYO, a detailed look at SHOGUN ASSASSIN, and an interview with Ching Siu Tung, director of A CHINESE GHOST STORY.

\$6.50 (prices include p&p).

Keeping in a European vein is the latest EYEBALL, issue 3.3 recurring. This has been a long time coming, but boy has it been worth the wait. Almost entirely a single-handed endeavour by editor Steve Thrower, here can be found thought-provoking, intelligent writing of a sort that really brings home just how puerile much 'movie criticism' has become. This magazine actually had us wanting to watch a movie again. Buy. £3.50 (£0.50 p&p) made payable to S. Thrower, 20 Kintyre Court, New Park Road, Brixton Hill, London, SW2 4DY.

The first issue of FEBRUARY 24 is full of the info one could expect of a TWIN PEAKS newsletter. In amongst the book reviews and meaning of reality, a brief glimpse of Agent Cooper Kyle MacLachlan outside the WOGAN studios, provides a comforting waft of fangirl journalism: "...He (MacLachlan) was wearing the most amazing cologne I've ever smelt in my life. It must have cost a fortune, but it was so delicious I could have drunk the stuff!" £1.20 each/£4.00 for a 4 issue sub: Douglas Baptie, Top Flat, 1 Ancrum Court, Hawick, Scotland, TD9 7DB.

It's back! FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE #5 includes an in-depth piece on the Cinema of Transgression including interviews with New York's finest, Richard Kern ("...this girl who said she's going to sew up her pussy...I figured that'd be worth filming."), Nick Zedd ("What makes you think I care about your dismal opinion? Why open your stupid mouth?"), Lydia Lunch ("..."), plus checks on all the relevant Transgression-type movies and those other folk who you just hate to love to hate. \$3.95 (plus regular p&p stuff) to FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, USA.

The 80 ADULTES catalogue consists of sexually explicit graphic novels. A wide variety of artists tackle between them in excess of 50 titles. Alongside the less likely - but highly appreciated nonetheless - LES ADVENTURES DE CICCIOILINA, are the more obvious EMMANUELLE, FANNY HILL and THE STORY

## EYEBALL ON SALE NOW

### ISSUE No. 3.3 RECURRING

CANADIAN VIRUS & EYEBALL (JAM/NE/SYSTEM)

CRONENBERG'S NAKED LUNCH

SEVENTH'S GALLIES SAVED TO HIS

DIRECTOR FROM THE PLAGUE (ARCHAIC - ANGELO ZULAWSKI)

KIM NEWMAN AT THE ROME FANTASIST

THROUGH A BROKEN MIRROR - ARGENTO'S CAREER AND MATTLAND

McDONALD'S BOOK APPRAISED

PLUS REVIEWS OF

THAS EL CRISTAL - FREAK DR. ANDO - MATADOR - NECRONOMICON

PIERROT LE FOU - THE SAIINT OF NOTRE DAME - SPIDER LABYRINTH

DELICATESSEN - BABY BLOOD - THE NAKED CONCIERGE

SHIRT NIGHT OF THE GLASS ODILS - MONDO WEIROD

LES MINTIS SAUVAGES - NYLO BEASTS

OF 0 adaptations. Write: MEDIA 1000, Baite postale 185, 75283, Paris, France.

Mike Accomando runs a cool poster, stills, memorabilia mail order service called Dreadful Pleasures. Now he has a 'zine out under the same name. Says Mike of his mag: "Although we proudly admit to having a raging hard-on for Seventies cinema, we're still a bit uneasy about being labelled as a mag that covers just films from that era." Nothing fancy looking, DREADFUL PLEASURES delivers wry comment on everything from LIPSTICK TO BRUCE LEE FIGHTS BACK FROM THE GRAVE. \$2.00 a single issue/\$7.00 for four (add something for p&p): Mike Accomando, 850 Prospect Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey 07022, USA.

HOAX! II, more collective pranksterism and mischief from Aux. Up for grabs this time around, and being done in, on or at, are: Supermarket Sabotage (good), Jeremy Beadle (a bugger), Paul McCartney is Dead (true), Gnomes (garden), Hate Mail (letters), and mucho other stuffing. On a regular basis, HOAX! is gonna be where it's at and Aux will have his own TV show. So write now, Aux, 84 Beechgrove, Brecon, Powys, Cymru, LD3 9ET.

SAVAGE PENCIL'S ROCK'N'ROLL NECRONOMICON, the eagerly anticipated follow-up to Shock publication's now out of print DEAD DUCK/CORPSEMEAT comic, is finally available. This 90 page A4 volume - collected strips from the now deceased Rock rag SOUNDS - sees street-wise Sav chasing the heady yoo of punk and no-generation '77 right through to...er...1984. Neil Young, Bob Dylan, Sid Vicious, Richard Branson, Frank Zappa, yes, all your favourite losers are here! Technically obscene, fast, furious and funny, ROCK'N'ROLL NECRONOMICON is available in these limited formats: Paperback edition of 1000, £7.99/Europe £9.00/US \$20.00; numbered Hardcover edition of 75, £15.00/Europe £17.50/US \$35.00 (p&p is included). Monies payable to Stefan Jaworzyn, 58 Beresford Road, Chingford, London, E4 6EF.

#### Maybe his head just got loose and fell off?

Hope Hopen have their first vinyl release, a 7" single, on Ingreat Records. YOUNG GIRL and HARMONY are covers of songs originally written and performed by former Manson Family members Brooks Poston and Paul Watkins. Who cares what it sounds like, you know you ain't gonna pass this one up. (Finger-picking acoustic & flute for those who need to know.) \$5.00 (inc \$1.00 when ordering outside the US) to Ingreat Records, PO Box 293, Pittsburgh Pa, 15230 USA.

Contempo are a label specializing in the techno bass-thumping sounds of Europe. Recent 12" single releases include Pankow's STUPIDITY, Volume Sick's GHETTO GHETTO, and Brazil's BRAZIL. Of course such electro hip-hopyness just washes over us here, and both Pankow and Volume Sick were soon relegated to the extended remixes playlist in the sky. Brazil, however, we could whistle along to

and the female vocalist made us laugh.

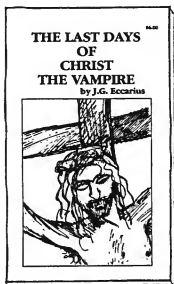
Steve Fricker of Cheeses International, a distribution company for all manner of experimental audio works, has issued IT'S ONOMATOPEIA, a limited, individually numbered album. Ours is number 373 of 500. Ambient sound is what to expect of IT'S ONOMATOPEIA, naggingly insistent blips over outer space, space trip type noise, a slow motion universe clawing around in accented pantomime... £5.00 (cheap) (plus £1.00 p&p) (still cheap) to Cheeses International, 515a Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH1 4AG.

#### Are you eating it? Or is it eating you?..

Since last we ambled through Creation Press, fright fans will need to know that there has been further stirrings and indeed more goodies to emerge from that there publishing house. RED STAINS (pb £5.95) is an anthology, tales of the psycho-sexual imagination from the likes of Ramsey Campbell, DF Lewis, James Havoc, Terence Sellers and a host of others. The whole thing exudes the same kind of perverse biological tension as Campbell's own selection of a couple of years back, SCARED STIFF, but where that volume sowed its seed while keeping its toins in check, RED STAINS buggers everything in sight and comes in spurts, copiously.

As a companion piece to James Havoc's RAISM, now comes "Meathook Seed", part one of RAISM - THE SONGS OF GILLES DE RAIS (softbound £4.95), a graphic novel in four parts. Havoc has revised the text of his original anti-novel and given it the urgency so desired of Mike Philbin's finepoint chiaroscuro artwork. Parts to follow are "Moon Scar", "Magick Slit" and "Moggot Skin", the latter being a brand new and concluding work which threatens "to take Raist philosophy to its uttermost extremes". An AS SAE gets your catalogue: Creation Press, 83 Clerkenwell Road, London, EC1.

Bill Meyers says that when his III Publishing Co. published its first novel in 1988, it took him two months to sell exactly one copy. By mid-1992, that same book had sold well over 3000 copies and was in its third printing. The book, THE LAST DAYS OF CHRIST THE VAMPIRE (pb \$8.00) by J.G. Eccarius, has become something of a cult movement. Although its premise is despicably simple - Jesus Christ, rising from the dead, must be a vampire - and in keeping with III Publishing's anarchist roots, THE LAST DAYS ... upsets the literary traditions a reader might have come to expect of a novel: there is no hero or any one narrator. In fact, all of III Publishing's books are a much needed intravenous to the old system... The lead story in Harry Willson's collection THIS'LL KILL YA AND OTHER DANGEROUS STORIES (pb \$6.00) is a murder mystery in which the chief suspect is a book, a volume that can kill if the reader believes that words can be used as



weapons to harm. And guess who gets hold of the thing? Members of a censorship committee! Mark Ivanhoe's *VIRGINTOOTH* (pb \$7.00) is a female vampire, and the book a study in the psychology of actually being undead. Violent and compassionate, *VIRGINTOOTH* is possibly the most accessible of all III Publishing's books, but don't let that for a minute put you off; Anne Rice it ain't. Another work from J.G. Eccarius, *WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED THE KING* (pb \$5.00) is a kind of latter-day *ON THE ROAD*, except that Jack Straw, the 'hero' here, thinks he knows where he's going and what he wants when he gets there. Spanning a 1381 peasant revolt in England to the 'air conditioned nightmare' of a 1950's America, Bill Meyers says of *WE SHOULD...* "Even anarchist pontificators didn't like it." III Publishing are highly recommended: PO Box 17D3B3, San Francisco, CA 94117-D3B3, USA (ps& is \$1.00 per book, \$0.50 each additional book in the US; elsewhere, a couple bucks?).

*Your cassettes are destroying innocent people*

Just completed is *DRILLBIT*, a showreel by Alex Chandon. Chandon was the winner of *THE DARK SIDE*'s 1991 "Opportunity Shocks" festival with *BAD KARMA*, a laugh-riot tale of a birthday party marred by the arrival of killer Hari Krishnas who demand donations and shape-shift to kill. That movie had lots of gawdy graphic sfx, dumb dialogue, bad acting and a touch of sexual deviance - everything necessary for 35 minutes of high octane schlock. This showreel, however, is half an hour of *squibs*. Narrated by Jim Van Bebber (director of *DEADBEAT AT DAWN*), *DRILLBIT* is set in the future where a 'cure' for AIDS has been discovered. The wonder drug, however,

turns out to have fatal side-effects which the unscrupulous manufacturers want to keep under wraps and so order the death of any scientist who may know the truth... The title character is a youth with a drillbit embedded in his brain, exacting violent revenge on those who had his scientist father killed. Of course, with this being a showreel (of *squib technique*), such information isn't too forthcoming. For details write, Alex Chandon, 29 Brookfield Mansions, S Highgate West Hill, London, NB BAT.

One of the most interesting series of tapes to be released this time round comes from SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT. A six tape set under the collective title of *MURDERERS, MOBSTERS AND MADMEN*.

Comprising of a US television series, what we have here is a mixture of news footage, reconstructions, crime photos and reels of unrelated film stock. As one would expect from American TV the productions are somewhat tacky and cheap. Their major failing is the sound quality where the unnecessary background music often drowns out the drones of the bland narration. The voice-over is supplied by Harold Wells striving for the world's worst narrator accolade. Having said that though these tapes are certainly an essential purchase.

*LADY KILLERS* is an accumulation of some of the most notorious serial killers kicking off with Jack the Ripper. Other infamous characters include Peter Sutcliffe, Lawrence 'pliers' Bittaker & Roy Norris, Ted Bundy, James P Watson the hermaphrodite psychopath, Ed Kemper, Richard Speck and the Hillside Strangler partnership Kenneth Bianchi & Angelo Buono. Even *HEADPRESS* contributor Douglas Clark makes a brief appearance along with killer nurse Carol Bundy.

*PSYCHOS* opens with a dubious biography of Edward Gein including some rare footage of the man being arrested. Hey, we even get to see his 'parents'! John Wayne Gacy also gets a fair share of screen time as does Charles Starkweather. During the biographical interpretation of the latter two we are informed that Gacy was once a shoe salesman. To make sure we understand what that means the camera lingers on several pairs of shoes. Likewise, Starkweather was a garbage man and so a shot of a dustbin appears! Crazy sniper Mark James Essex is followed by James Huberty the MacDonalds man, Wayne Williams, David Berkowitz and finally Henry Lee Lucas and Otis Toole. What more could one want?

*HOLLYWOOD POLICE FILES/FEMMES FATALES* sheds light on some of Hollywood's notorious characters including Bugsy Segal, Thelma Todd, Ramon Navarro, Sal Mineo, George Raft and Elizabeth Short aka the Black Dahlia. Her bizarre ritualistic killing would have justified a whole programme rather than the few minutes it is allocated. The second part of this tape covers latter day angry women. Get the towdown on Lizzie Borden, Ma Barker,

Belle Star, Barbara Graham, Ruth Judd and others. There is some rather nice film promotion padding inserted in this section. Trailers for such gems as **TEENAGE GANG DEBS**, **GIRLS ON REFORM**, **I WANT TO LIVE**, and **GIRLS WITH PASSION** roll across the screen in all their sleazy glory.

**CHARLES MANSON - THEN AND NOW** - is a biographical account of San Quentin's most celebrated inmate. As with the other tapes in the series much unrelated footage is used to illustrate the narration. When it is suggested he once tried pimping in L.A. a foot is shown stamping on a cigarette butt. Hey, maybe that's just what pimps do! Chock full of photographs of Manson at various ages, family members, book covers, movie posters, Manson singing, Manson reminiscing, ATWA, and so on. The programme also includes reconstructions of the Tate/Labianca and Hindman murders.

Other titles include **ASSASSINATIONS** and **GANGSTERS**. Adam (**APOCALYPSE CULTURE**) Parfrey is credited as a supplier of stills. All the titles are Exempt from classification, a brave move from Screen Entertainment. Further details from: Murderers, PO Box 161, Radlett, Herts, WD7 8ED.

ReVision, on the other hand, had to achieve a BBFC 18 rating for their release of the anxiously awaited documentary from Video Werewolf **CHARLES MANSON, SUPERSTAR**. "This tape is designed to deprogramme the minds of those who are still thinking, those who have not yet been lulled into sedation by the soothing lies that surround us," states writer, director and narrator Nikolas Schreck. And if you only pick up one documentary on Manson, this ought to be it. What makes this video essential is the lengthy interview with Manson despite its poor editing and continuity. It's engrossing listening to the man preach his gospel, insulting his guards, becoming gradually more incoherent and performing his weird balletic movements. The only form of censorship with this release involved Joe Coleman's superb

pleased with the re-release of a nicely packaged double cassette **THE FINAL ACADEMY DOCUMENTS** consisting of cut-up films and a live appearance by Burroughs at the Hacienda in Manchester 1982. **THEE FILMS** which is a compilation of works from Antony Balch and Bill Burroughs, Brion Gysin and Ian Sommerville, is also available. Both are distributed by RTM video. Write to, BM:T.O.P.Y London WC1, 3XX.

As most of you are aware due to media coverage it is the anniversary of Marilyn Monroe's death. Wienerworld, therefore, have released **MARILYN AND THE KENNEDYS**. 'Fresh evidence proves suicide unlikely!' blares the press release. Unfortunately this is none other than the BBC's **SAY GOODBYE TO THE PRESIDENT** produced several years ago. An interesting documentary nonetheless but hardly "fresh". Available for £10.99.

Certainly the most impressive British underground movie we've seen for some time has to be Damon Barr and Marie-Anne Ferral's **FIRST DOCUMENT**. A surreal black and white short featuring those essential ingredients, sex and death and decay. The film's bizarre and disturbing images coupled with the noise soundtrack (vaguely reminiscent of **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**) create a truly nightmarish experience. Considering the minimal budget the technical achievement is excellent. Damon is currently working on further projects including **SECOND DOCUMENT** and **CATHARSIS** which we anxiously await. Only 200 copies of **FIRST DOCUMENT** are available so you'd be wise to purchase this tape without delay. See ad elsewhere for details.

Jim Groom's **REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID** is released by Medusa and touted as 'Britain's answer to **THE EVIL DEAD**'. A hybrid of 'horror' and 'comedy', **REVENGE...** is the story of the MacDonald family (who live on a farm), and a rampaging monster - a 'thing' born of the illicit union between MacDonald Sr and a goat. Of course, suitably tasteless and horrible, the only likeness to **THE EVIL DEAD** that we could determine were Groom's adoption of Raimi's expressionist camera angles, verbatim, in **REVENGE's** closing sequence. A sort of **FRIED GREEN TOMATOES** meets **VIZ** comic.

Everyone's pissed that Jörg Buttgerit - veteran to date of only three feature films - has a documentary out about his work, and what's more he's made the documentary himself. Whatever, **CORPSE FUCKING ART** is pretty fabulous, a wild celebration utilizing promo clips, out-takes, interviews, sfx work, behind-the-scenes shenanigans, cock-ups and all kind of stuff. 80 minutes running time, **CORPSE FUCKING ART** is an essential insight to something special.

After their recent re-releasing of **ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS** and **THE BOGEY MAN**, distributors Vipco continue their unearthing of previously "nasty" video material with **THE SLAYER** (£10.99) and **SHOGUN ASSASSIN** (£12.99).



The bodies had to go!

artwork. Yes folks, the sleeve itself was cut! Available in good record and video shops or via mail order. Send £12.99 (rrp £14.99) + £1.50 postage (Europe £2.50 p+p) to ReVision, PO Box 30, Lytham St. Annes, FY8 1RF. Make cheques payable to ReVision.

William Burroughs aficionados will be

THE SLAYER is the tale of a group of friends on vacation, isolated from the mainland. One by one folk are pursued and, yes, slain. The slayer's identity remains elusive until the very last reel...well, it remains elusive beyond that because certain elements of this picture don't make any sense. Expect 14 seconds of cuts from not the greatest of movies. SHOGUN ASSASSIN on the other hand is unique. The Shogun's chief samurai renounces his allegiance to his evil sovereign end, pursued by ninja, takes to a life on the run. Encounters with these would-be assassins make for excessive blood-letting and great imagery. Despite the announcement that it remains uncut, this version of SHOGUN ASSASSIN differs from the original VHS release in that it is cut!

What was left, you could put in a plastic bag  
BACK BRAIN RECLUSE, the magazine of speculative fiction, have announced their 'Directory'. Commencing with BBR £21 (due September of this year), the Directory - a pull-out supplement - will include reviews and ordering details on all manner of small press magazines, books, videos, art, etc., with the intention of encouraging readers to "browse and sample new products and ideas." If you wish to have your product included in future editions send it along with relevant info, to Chris Reed, BBR, PO Box 625, Sheffield, S1 3GV.

Anyone wishing to contact any of the above, take it that they're based in the UK unless otherwise stated. Enclose an SAE (or IRC) when making enquiries otherwise there is every likelihood you'll get no response. And please mention HEADPRESS because it helps.

Savoy Wars Update...Manchester Crown Court, July 30th 1992, and Savoy's appeal against Magistrate Fairclough's destruction order on the novel LORD HORROR end issue £1 of the MEND AND ECKER comic... Geoffrey Robertson QC backed by witnesses, including Michael Moorcock ("...information is good, the use of it a different matter..."), cut a swathe through the pitiful prosecution. Flanked by two wizened magistrates, the Judge read paragraphs from the book and browsed through the comic. Proceedings were temporarily interrupted when it was discovered that the two magistrates had been supplied with documents that neither the defence nor the Judge had seen. However, following a brief adjournment, Robertson and the defendant agreed to continue. Finally, the judge and his two followers left the courtroom to make their decision on the fate of the publications. After thirty minutes they returned. The destruction order on the novel was overturned but the comic remained 'obscene'. Expect a further appeal for MEND AND ECKER.

In a reaction to his Pornography Church last issue, the affairs of our very own Minister of Fun, David Slater, came under attack from the tabloid press. A shock revelation by the DAILY EXPRESS (24.5.92) told how new claims by "religious researcher" Slater threatened to upset the very foundation of that great British institution, Robin Hood. On the same morning of the above exposé, a local radio station telephoned and invited the Rev. Slater to air his views on Hood. "I have no interest in Robin Hood", Archbishop Slater was heard to say.

## Robin Stud

NO WONDER Robin Hood and his men were so merry.

They spent most of their time in romantic romps, says religious researcher David Slater.

After digging into the legend, he is convinced that romeo Robin was more interested in lusty love-making than holding up the Sheriff of Nottingham.

The story that the Sherwood Forest outlaw robbed the rich to give to the poor was invented by medieval churchmen to cover up Robin's dirtier deeds, he says.

And the term merry-making is not as innocent as it sounds.

It was once used to describe sex frolics under the trees, claims Mr Slater, of Stockport, Greater Manchester.

### - ED GEIN COMPETITION RESULTS -

1. Richard Chese.
  2. The Boston Strangler
  3. Dirty Harry, The Sniper, Targets, etc.
  4. Edmund Emil Kemper III
- The winners, who will receive a signed copy of Paul Woods' ED GEIN - PSYCHO, are:
- |                  |             |
|------------------|-------------|
| B. Bashford.     | West Sussex |
| P. Flennagen.    | Newcastle   |
| N. Nilssen.      | Manchester  |
| S. Whittle.      | Preston.    |
| C. & M. Thompson | London      |
| J. Kilburn       | Glasgow     |

### - NIKITA COMPETITION RESULTS -

1. Luc Besson. 2. None. 3. Three.
- No winners! Everybody stumbled on question 2, including us. Palace Video are now deceased.

### NOTICE

HEADPRESS will no longer be partaking in this years Festival of Fantastic Films. Due to constant lack of even basic information (equipment available, etc) from the organisers end gradual erosion of agreed terms, we are left with no alternative but to pull out. Thanks end apologies to those who offered us works for screening.

# LETTERS

Re. "Pornography Church" in #4: I once read "fuck" was derived from the old Germanic "to wound", which suggests a link with the violent(?) terms like "screw", also used to describe this act.

DOUGLAS BAPTIE, Hawick, Scotland

Hookers For Jesus? Vaguely remember the SUNDAY TIMES exclusives - this filled in a lotta background detail. Lock up your daughters! & sons! Savoy refusal to quit kicking admirable. Howard Lake's rant spits vitriol aplenty - TAXI DRIVER award to him! Visit To A Miracle Crusade - good investigative journalism, did not envy his descent into these murky worlds! Claustrophobic. No address given for GORY COMIX or 'Horror Femmes' in the Damsels In Distress piece. Are these available to the man in the street, Joe Punter?

K.A. BEER, Derbyshire

A number of folk have written with regard to Damsels In Distress. The absence of any addresses was a complete oversight on our part... GORY COMIX, c/o JGP, PO Box 989, Londonderry, NH 03053, USA. Horror-Femmes, c/o James Ahearn, 1023 LaClair Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15218, USA. Note: these addresses are freely available to anyone. As for Joe Punter, however, if he's not living within the USA then he really might not care to run Horror-Femmes by the customs.

I enjoy your magazine very much. It deals with topics usually not covered in any other magazines. Especially here in Singapore where topics covered by your magazine are discouraged. I do not find the topics pornographic or distasteful in any way at all.

RONY TED, Rep. of Singapore

I notice that you have subjects for each issue like the Soum No. and particularly the Jesus Trip. How about one of your future issues dedicated to the other fella, Diablo? Just to even things up a little. I have no interest in Satanism myself but would find it interesting to see how you tackle the dark forces. Or an homosexual issue with pictures?

J. BARSAM, West Midlands



Moses David/Mr. Natural

Issue 4 was good fun. The Savoy history was very interesting - you've gotta admire their dedication! The Moses David piece rang a few bells. I remember seeing an exposé of him and the Children of God in the early '80s, one of those documentary-type programmes, WORLD IN ACTION or PANORAMA or something. Memories are vague but two things about it stuck in my mind, namely, the big fuss about David's condoning of paedophilia and, most of all, his incredible resemblance to R. Crumb's cartoon character, 'Mr Natural'.

It's a Mad ecc World continues to entertain and is probably my favourite part of the mag. I think you should at least give it two pages an issue or perhaps put out a supplement, collecting all the best ones.

My only real complaint is a weak cover to this issue, especially compared to #3.

MARTIN MEES, High Wycombe

It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World as a separate entity? We like the sound of that. If we get enough favourable response to the idea (and enough Mad World pieces), we'll maybe do it.

The peculiar relationship of the skin to the underlying fascia is a very real distinction, familiar enough to anyone who has repeatedly skinned human subjects and any other member of the Primates. The bed of subcutaneous fat adherent to the skin, so conspicuous in Man, is possibly related to his apparent hair reduction; though it is difficult to see why, if no other factor is involved, there should be such a banal difference between Man and the Chimpanzee.

IAN JENKINS, Bargod, Mid Glam

## - LAST DETAILS -

**DER ABEND DER SCHWARZEN FOLKLORE**  
(Rough Trade Germany - RTG 19312482)

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Editors: T.A. Innes & Ivor Castle

Daily Express Publications, G.B., 1934

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**ESCAPE FROM NOISE**

(SST 133)

**Negativland**

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Editor: Bill Buford

Granta Publications Ltd., Summer 1989

**GUNS**

(SST 291)

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Ernst Friedrich

Originally published 1924. This edition

published by Zweitausendeins, Germany, 1983

**LICK DOG FOREVER**

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(Pathological - PPP104)

**Various artists**

**LE MUSEE DES SUPPLICES**

Roland Villeneuve

Editions du Manoir, Paris, 1972

**THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE & DEATH**

Editor: Martin Schultz

Consultant: Professor Keith Simpson, CBE,

FRCP, FCPATH

Salamander Books Ltd/Leisure Books G.B., 1979

**POSSESSION**

(Venture - CDVE910)

**God**

**RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT! TRUE-WEIRD**

Vol. 1 No. 1

Editor-in-Chief: Bruce A. Gedman

Gore publishing, USA, June 1966

**TORTURE GARDEN**

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**Naked City**

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(SST 272)

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